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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Standards Again

IN this column a few weeks ago we urged the necessity of standards in a time of literary confusion, praising those who upheld them, but suggesting that, in the arts, yardsticks had a curious way of lengthening or shortening unless they were carefully watched, and recalibrated occasionally by the aid of new knowledge or a more perfected judgment. Certainly the history of American literary reputations does not indicate that those in authority are always, or even often, right in assessing contemporary merit. The great and enduring names in nineteenth century American literature are, as we should now probably all agree, Irving, Cooper, Poe, Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Melville, Whitman, Mark Twain, Henry James. Others may be added, none of these is likely to be withdrawn. Of this list only Irving, Emerson, Hawthorne, and Henry James got due recognition from the regions of scholarship and criticism in their lifetime. The standards applied, were, as was right, taken from precedent literature, but, as was wrong, they were so calibrated as to measure American literature in terms of European, and especially English, expectations. By this measurement, Irving, the romantic conservative with a golden tongue, got more than his due. Cooper, regarded as "the American Scott," was estimated (in spite of his vast popularity) at less than his real worth, for he got little credit among the eminent for his transfusion of a strictly American idealism. Poe, who could not be fitted to the moral inchmarks of the ruler, and whose critical iconoclasm no less than his spurious scholarship had irritated those better educated than he, was ranked as a clever and annoying journalist, and as an elocutionist of morbid verse, both misleading half truths. Emerson had a high seriousness which made his radicalism palatable to the conservatives, and Hawthorne also ingratiated the upholders of tradition by dealing with the decay of a civilization about which they had long since made up their minds. Thoreau was fortunate in his friends, but even so made little impact outside of Concord. Melville went down with scarcely a ripple, Whitman and Mark Twain were regarded (as indeed Walt in his first edition described himself) as American roughs. Of them all Henry James, America's culture straining Europeward, got the most just estimation in his lifetime, but that may seem to be true only because we are still so near to his fame.

* * *

The moral of all this can scarcely have justice done it in a brief essay, but this at least may be said for current application: We are living among what some regard as inevitable phenomena of the last stages of capitalism, and others as merely the result of selling to the masses the things they can most easily be made to want. Hence commercialized writing that dips lower and lower in the attempt to broaden its market. Hence experimental literature seeking unexploited themes. Hence reactions against this money crop of books and newspapers, which, since they inevitably take on the color of their times, are classed by those who stand aloof with the diseases they react against. Hence a dying and ineffective "genteel tradition" that chooses mild reflections of the past for its approbation, and an anarchy outside of it, full of vigor but lacking in ascertainable direction.

In such a time standards were never so needed, but they must be applied after a much closer scrutiny of this civilization than literary critics have been willing to give. Only three courses, it seems, are open and possible for the reader who would form valid opinions upon the imagination operating in America today—or rather, in that North Atlantic culture of which more and more we become a but lightly differentiated part. He can firmly cast out all modernism as of the devil and his works, repudiating his own times entire, and admitting his own weakness in his failure either to dominate or adjust. That is one alternative, and if some of our conservatives would dare to take it with all its implications they would be more honest and more effective critics, which is not to say that they would be right. Or he can throw down all standards except success in self-expression, and urge art to follow science in a great pragmatic experiment. And this is what has been happening for the past ten years, to the detriment, in our opinion, of art. Or, finally, he can be willing to take counsel from the mistakes as well as the certainties of the past, and regard his own age as just another turn of the kaleidoscope, in which the principles which govern composition must be studied out anew. They are the same principles, but the patterns have changed, and if not to his liking it is his duty, not to curse the box, but to find out the reason for their ugliness, if ugly they really are. This is by far the most difficult choice, for the critic must admit that he is part of the times he criticizes, while keeping as far as he can his independence of judgment. It is easier to repudiate or to drift.

Advice Spoken Softly

By VIRGINIA MOORE

LOOK neither down nor up but in and through,
My most consummate friend. Heaven is you
Beyond the creature you believe you are
As lengths of light enlarge the meagre star.
Refuse the argument of this despair,
False thunder pacing pure-ablutioned air.
Nothing will strike. But you can strike with power
The perfect spark out of the flinty hour.

This Week

"Henry White."
Reviewed by BERNADOTTE E. SCHMITT.

"Little America."
Reviewed by DONALD B. MACMILLAN.

"Daniel Webster."
Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS.

"Invitation to Renaissance Italy."
Reviewed by MARY CASS CANFIELD.

"Cross Roads in Ireland."
Reviewed by H. C. TRACY.

"Pre-War America."
Reviewed by WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE.

"By Reason of Strength."
Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS.

"Cinderella's Daughter."
Reviewed by MARY BORDEN.

Trade Winds.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

"The Old China Trade."
Reviewed by HENRY KITTREDGE NORTON.

Next Week, or Later

President Eliot.
By W. A. DE WOLFE HOWE.

The Macaulay Tradition*

By PHILIP GUEDALLA

THE other day some critic of the House of Lords repeated the old gibe about the absurdity of a college faculty of hereditary mathematicians. The comment may be just, although a faculty of ordinary mathematicians has always been quite absurd enough for me. But, for all that I know, their absurdity may be heightened by a claim that mathematicians are hereditary. Science will have to settle that question (though science seems to be losing its old knack of finding positive solutions for everything in a fashionable addiction to waves and radiations and similar fluidities). It is just possible that a command of mathematics is not, and can never be, a transmitted characteristic. But can we say the same of historical attainments? Surely not. For here comes Professor Trevelyan, third in a family of historians. The line was founded by Macaulay; a nephew continued it with Sir G. O. Trevelyan's eloquent variations on the theme of Charles James Fox; and here is the nephew's son. He presides in Cambridge as Regius Professor of Modern History; and I like to think that his colleagues in the faculty are all appointed on strictly hereditary lines. For if Professor Trevelyan is a fair sample, there are worse methods of detecting talent in historians.

And his inheritance is more—much more—than merely nominal, since he inherits his great-uncle's mood. That deliberate pursuit of concrete images, which marked Macaulay's method, is reproduced by his descendant. Who was it that found himself incapable of observing that the Seven Years' War gave rise to operations as far apart as Asia and America without remarking that "black men fought on the coast of Coromandel, and red men scalped each other by the Great Lakes of North America?"

Open the first page of Professor Trevelyan's latest volume, and you will find the same mood at work:

> Whoever writes of the England of that day must show Marlborough's many-colored columns winding along the banks of Rhine, Danube, and Maas; English fleets heaving on Mediterranean and Biscayan waters, or coasting the West Indian islands and the misty Newfoundland shore; Gibraltar's rock rising into azure above unwonted smoke and uproar; envoys posting over land and ocean with Godolphin's gold and Marlborough's persuasive counsel to half the Courts of Europe from Lisbon to Moscow; nearer home, the fashionable arena of sedan chairs and glass coaches between St. James's Palace and the Parliament House, the battle ground of political and literary intrigue in the days of Swift, Addison, and Pope—with Wren's dome in the distance still rising to its completion above the masts of the river, and beyond it the Tower, the workshop of Newton as Master of the Mint. . . .

Whose voice was that? The words are Professor Trevelyan's; but the tone, the point of view, the brave straining after visual images are all Macaulay's. Small wonder that the dutiful heir proclaims his creed—"For my part, I cannot abandon the older ideal of History that was once popular in England. that the same book should make its appeal both to the general reader and to the historical student. In these latter days there tends to be division. It is right there should be division in some cases, but it is right that in other cases the older unity should be attempted." That is a banner under which many of us are proud to enlist. There is no reason why the high business of historical composition should be left to an illiterate with a card-index, when it can be written with a sense of design and a command of English. It is nearly twenty years since Professor

* ENGLAND UNDER QUEEN ANNE: BLENHEIM. By GEORGE MACAULAY TREVELYAN. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1930. $7.50.

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Trevelyan raised the gay standard of revolt in his "Clio, a Muse" and made the flesh of all the dullards creep with his cheerful hope that "our children may live to enjoy modern Gibbons, judicious Carlyles, and sceptical Macaulays." There are few signs of modern Gibbons (unless the gallant one-man orchestra of Mr. H. G. Wells may rank as our *Ersatz*-Gibbon); the infant Carlyles are still busy with their porridge; but here, sceptical or not, is a Macaulay.

His inherited belief in the virtues of the pictorial presentation of history prompts Professor Trevelyan to set his scene with rare solidity before he steps back into the prompter's corner, sounds the *trois coups*, and brings on his characters. For the first quarter of his volume—one hundred out of its four hundred pages—are devoted to an elaborate portrayal of Queen Anne's England. He excels in such surveys; and his present assembly of innumerable particulars into a bright and comprehensive picture of town and country, Court, church, society, and commerce is not far behind that brilliant evocation of King George's England which opened his "British History in the Nineteenth Century." French historians can do these things, because they manage to combine a lucid style with the patient amassing of innumerable *fiches*. But when Professor Trevelyan sits down to paint the portrait of an age, there is no need for undue modesty on the part of English-speaking readers.

His stage arranged, his solid scenery erected, and the lighting adjusted to his satisfaction, he summons the actors and begins the drama. It is to have a hero—Marlborough; and in his present instalment the author carries him as far as Blenheim. It is to be regretted that family considerations closed the Marlborough archives to Professor Trevelyan, in order that Mr. Winston Churchill might show us what a lively amateur can do with historical material. (On this subject the Professor's Preface is a model of restraint.) But the texts already available are ample; and one need not say that they are welded into a swinging narrative. May I allude to one cause of private glee? Professor Trevelyan has, to the profound relief of the common reader, reduced footnotes to a minimum and tucked his countless ...rence» away into a score of pages at the end of volume. That is something gained. For we ....e suffered far too long under those works of erudition which fringe their pages with a boastful (and distracting) array of notes as unsightly as an unshaven chin; and where the Regius Professor leads, who need fear to follow?

Here, then, is a work of scholarship, a piece of admirable writing, and a promise of more volumes to follow until Queen Anne is dead. And what more can we want?

An Accomplished Diplomat

HENRY WHITE: Thirty Years of American Diplomacy. By ALLAN NEVINS. New York. Harper & Brothers. 1930. $5.

Reviewed by BERNADOTTE E. SCHMITT

WHEN Henry White in 1918 was appointed fifth member of the American Commission to Negotiate Peace, few persons saw anything more than the political necessity of having a Republican member of the Commission, who was chosen because he had been ambassador to Italy and France. Neither then nor afterwards was it realized that White was, as Colonel House said, "the most accomplished diplomatist this country has ever produced" and that he played a considerable rôle at Paris. Precisely because he was a first-class diplomatist, he kept his light hidden, and it has been left for Professor Allan Nevins to tell his story from his own papers in a fascinating and brilliant book.

Entering the service in 1883 as secretary of legation at Vienna, White enjoyed the advantages of ample means, a beautiful and gracious wife, the ability to speak French and Italian, and an ambition to make diplomacy a career. But it was of infinitely greater moment that long residence abroad had secured him numerous friends in the highest circles of France and Great Britain; he understood the international game long before he began to play it, and from the first he had to be and was taken seriously. During the years of his London service (1884-1893, 1897-1904), his friendship with the Prince of Wales (later King Edward VII), his intimacy with Conservative and Liberal politicians alike, his innumerable social connections—all as deeply rooted as the tenure of American ministers and ambassadors was fleeting—gave him an incomparable position. On the one hand he was able to depict the English political scene for the State Department from inside knowledge; on the other, because he was liked and trusted by the British, they listened respectfully when he expounded the American point of view and often yielded to it. Thus White played a most important part in persuading Lord Salisbury to fall in with American wishes about Venezuela; he contributed not a little to the Anglo-American *rapprochement* at the time of the Spanish-American war and to Anglo-American coöperation in the Far East; he helped greatly in the negotiation of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty; he was largely responsible for the withdrawal of Great Britain from the Venezuelan imbroglio of 1903; and he deserves some of the credit for the Alaskan boundary award. In all these cases, his personal relations with Salisbury and Balfour accomplished what would have been impossible for a newcomer or a less experienced person. White conscientiously trained his chiefs in their duties, but American policy in London was conducted very largely by himself. Social and diplomatic successes did not, however, prevent him from remaining American to the core. It may be noted in passing that many interesting details of European diplomacy are revealed in White's correspondence for the years 1897-1904.

As ambassador to Italy and France, White's normal duties were not very arduous, and he had time for other activities. In 1906 he endeavored to promote an understanding between Roosevelt and Haldane, then British secretary for war, as to a possible limitation of armaments, on the eve of the latter's visit to Germany. Roosevelt welcomed the idea, but was sceptical; Haldane was discouraged by the attitude of the Germans, and nothing was accomplished. A year later White was shocked to hear Arthur James Balfour, "of all men," say, even "somewhat lightly": "We are probably fools not to find a reason for declaring war on Germany before she builds too many ships and takes away our trade." The American diplomatist condemned "anything so politically immoral" and said bluntly, "If you wish to compete with German trade, work harder." At the Algeciras Conference White was of immense use as a conciliator; in the end, with the aid of his British colleague, he successfully executed his instructions: "Help France get what she ought to have, but don't take the fight on your shoulders." In spite of his great services, he was removed from the Paris embassy by President Taft, apparently because of a fancied grievance of twenty-five years standing.

* * *

When the war broke out, White was visiting his daughter, who had married a German nobleman. Proceeding to Berlin, he dined with Falkenhayn, the Prussian minister of war. Among other things, the general said, according to White's memorandum:

> Of course they never expected for one moment that England would enter the war, both in view of the civil war then threatening in Ireland, and of the well-known objection of certain members of the Cabinet, and indeed of a large majority of the British public (as their Intelligence Department had told them) to joining in any war; that the coming in of England had made all the difference in the world, both as to the probable duration of the war and possibly even as to its outcome.

Because of his family and social connections, the war was a source of great anguish to White. "He tried to be neutral in thought and feeling, as President Wilson urged all Americans to be," and he approved the policy of Wilson, both before and after America entered the war. Through Colonel House he communicated to Wilson information received from those circles in England which desired a moderate peace. It was these indications of his liberalism which, so Professor Nevins thinks, led Wilson to appoint White to the American Peace Commission. He had witnessed at first hand the collapse of France in 1870, and the memory of those days disposed him to be fair towards Germany in the hour of similar misfortune.

Before accepting the appointment, White conferred with Roosevelt and Mr. Root, both of whom approved the general idea of a League of Nations. On the other hand, Senator Lodge presented to White a memorandum which might have been written by Clemenceau.

> It is absolutely vital that the terms of peace should be determined by the United States and the Allies first and when those terms are agreed upon by the Allies and the United States they must be imposed on Germany.
>
> The first and controlling purpose of the peace must be to put Germany in such a position that it will be physically impossible for her to break out again upon other nations with a war for world conquest. . . .

His terms seem to have been more severe even than those of the Treaty of Versailles; he was willing to make the United States a part-guarantor of many elements of the settlement. Lodge actually wished this document shown to European statesmen, as revealing "the real feeling of the people of the United States and certainly the Senate of the United States." "*This knowledge*," he added, "*may in certain contingencies be very important to them in strengthening their position.*" But White, says Mr. Nevins, "never thought of showing the paper to any representative of the Allies, and kept it wholly secret." In an additional memorandum, Lodge declared, àpropos of the League, that "under no circumstances must provisions for such a league be made a part of a peace treaty which concludes the war with Germany," for this would make ratification "extremely doubtful."

White's account of the Peace Conference, presented largely in the form of his communications to Lodge, adds not a little to the Baker-Wilson, Lansing, and Seymour-House versions, and is decidedly sympathetic with Wilson. "The President himself is really a wonderful man," White wrote to Lodge, "and the more I see of him the more I am impressed with that circumstance." And Mr. Nevins says:

> The vision of a new international organization which had seized President Wilson was one which he [White] imperfectly appreciated when he went to Paris, and which became clear to him only by degrees. But in the end he had the imagination to appreciate the President's central aim, which was more than Lansing did, and the liberalism to support it consistently, which is more than can be said of some intimate party associates.

In letter after letter the veteran "old" diplomatist plead with Lodge, his friend of many years, to accept the "new" order of the world and finally invited him by cable to propose changes in the first draft of the Covenant. Unfortunately, Lodge thought the move inspired by Wilson, as it was not, and kept silent; so White could say nothing when asked by the President for his own suggestions. White also protested against Lodge's championship of the Italian claim to Fiume. Incidentally, he was inclined to ascribe the breach between Wilson and House chiefly to the Colonel's effort to patch up a compromise with the Italians which surrendered too much.

White, as always, kept out of the limelight. But he gave the day's news to the American press, and as he was the only member of the American Commission who spoke French, he rendered great service in collecting and reporting French opinions. He was also a member of the commission on international waterways, whose report is a model of its kind. He did not like many features of the final settlement, but he did not blame Wilson for them, if indeed he regretted that the President had made his second journey to Paris. White remained in Paris until the treaty with Austria was signed. On his return to the United States, he tried, in a quiet way, to assist the cause of the League and to secure ratification of the treaty. He definitely advised Wilson to accept the Senate's reservations and was deeply disappointed by the final result, which he attributed to bad advice given to the President.

If Henry White was a successful diplomatist, it was because of his honesty and character. "If he ever made an enemy, there is no record of it among his multitudinous papers." He was not brilliant, but he was shrewd, sound, and sympathetic. Above all, perhaps, he was never spoiled by either good fortune or earned renown. Loved throughout his life by innumerable friends, he richly deserved the splendid tribute of this admirable biography.

A Berlin dispatch to the London *Observer* says:

"The publication of the second volume of Prince Bülow's Memoirs is temporarily suspended owing to the action of a former Government official in an important office, Rudolph Martin. Herr Martin declares that von Bülow's statement that he, Martin, contributed to his fall as Prime Minister is untrue. Von Bülow suggests that Herr Martin was malicious in his statement that he (Bülow) permitted the Kaiser Wilhelm to do foolish things so as to obtain the reputation of a wise Chancellor in repairing the damage.

"The publisher, Ullstein, has been forbidden to proceed with the sale of the volume until the passages which Martin considers insulting have been deleted. He has lodged an appeal, since a large number of living persons are likely to follow the precedent if Herr Martin is successful."

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Conquering the Pole

LITTLE AMERICA. By Admiral Richard E. Byrd. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1930. $5.

Reviewed by Donald B. MacMillan

STUPENDOUS is the word! I have finished "Little America" almost out of breath at the magnitude of the whole thing from its inception to crammed movie houses. Two ships and several more standing by at the edge of the pack. Some eighty men, seven hundred tons of supplies, three airplanes, thousands of gallons of gas, aviators, radio men, scientific equipment, millions of cigarettes, thousands of pounds of candy, and even a library of three thousand volumes! There has never been any expedition like it north or south, nor one which cost one-half as much. And the main object? The attainment of the South Pole. And why? No reason at all. As Byrd himself states: "One gets there, and that is almost all there is for the telling. It is the effort to get there that counts." But it can't be denied that it was an excellent demonstration of the efficiency of the three-motored plane and the man who kept it going—Bernt Balchen, than whom Clarence Chamberlin says there is none better.

Such a flight demanded careful planning and courage. Rear Admiral Byrd is a stickler for the first and has plenty and to spare of the last; but carefulness in planning and minute attention to detail can never be substituted for experience, the lack of which was patent from the very start. Two inferior ships where there should have been one especially constructed for the job with no greater expenditure of money. All of the eggs in one basket is a wise plan when dealing with uncertain conditions of the Arctic or Antarctic ice pack. If the ships can be kept constantly together it would be the better plan, but this is almost impossible considering the conditions of the stormy south Atlantic. The loss of either one of the ships seriously affects the success of the whole expedition. Happily they pulled through, but only with the help of the Norwegian whaling ships.

What a tremendous amount of work involved to land the tons of equipment, and what splendid work by the dogs and by Arthur Walden and his corps of inexperienced dog drivers. I can hear the snap of whips, the commands to the dogs, and feel the crunch of runners in the hard snow. We have been through it many times in the last twenty-two years.

And what a pleasure in building Little America and preparing for the long winter by making it as cosy and comfortable as possible! Those men will agree with me that they were the really happy days of the whole trip. Every one was so interested in everything, so expectant, so hopeful, so loyal to their commander, and so dead tired at night that they fairly ached as they turned into bed.

* * *

The routine of the winter night is well described as it should be, for if there is one question that we are called upon to answer more than any other it is: "What do you do during the long night?"

Many explorers, assisted by the sympathy-soliciting press, have tried to bring out the fact that they are experiencing or have experienced a six month's night, "the night which drives men mad." Such does not exist at either end of the world. Even at the South Pole itself the "night" is only four months long. During the other two months during which the sun is absent, there is a twilight.

At "Little America" as Byrd states, there was not a single twenty-four-hour day of darkness. He was not far enough south. In fact, only one explorer has ever had the experience of having had mid-day as dark as midnight—Nansen on his drift across the Polar Sea (1893-1896).

In 1908-1909 we wintered two hundred and seventy miles farther north than the Byrd Expedition was south, and even on the shortest day of the year there was a perceptible twilight in the south.

It is the same story as told by the hundred and one expeditions of the last three hundred years—crowded quarters, damp clothing, unwashed bodies, rush for food, the energetic man, the lazy man, the musician, the reader, the grouch, the student, the authority, the loyal, the disloyal, and that which dominates all, the everlasting arguments. One could write a book on the strange workings of the mind of man marooned in the Arctic. But no commander of an Expedition ever will nor will any of his men. They will never reveal their own weaknesses.

With far too many men for the work required (and no man has the ability to select all good men) there must have been many tense moments. As far as I can learn every leader of an Arctic or Antarctic Expedition has had trouble with his men. Kane had a mutiny and shot at one of his men. Hayes had trouble from start to finish. Hall shot one of his men. Greely shot one of his men. Peary had trouble with several of his men. Scott, Shackleton, Nansen, Fiala, Baldwin—all have been through it.

Byrd can be proud of one thing—he brought all of his men back to civilization.

The modern expedition has one great advantage over the old. If there is any one thing which tends to relieve monotony, to bring cheer and conversation into the camp, it is the radio. Formerly, we gave every bit of ourselves, good and bad, to one another until there was nothing more to give, with the result that there was a lack of interest in one another—a lonely existence. Byrd and his party were in constant communication with home and the whole outside world, receiving news which furnished new topics for conversation and discussions.

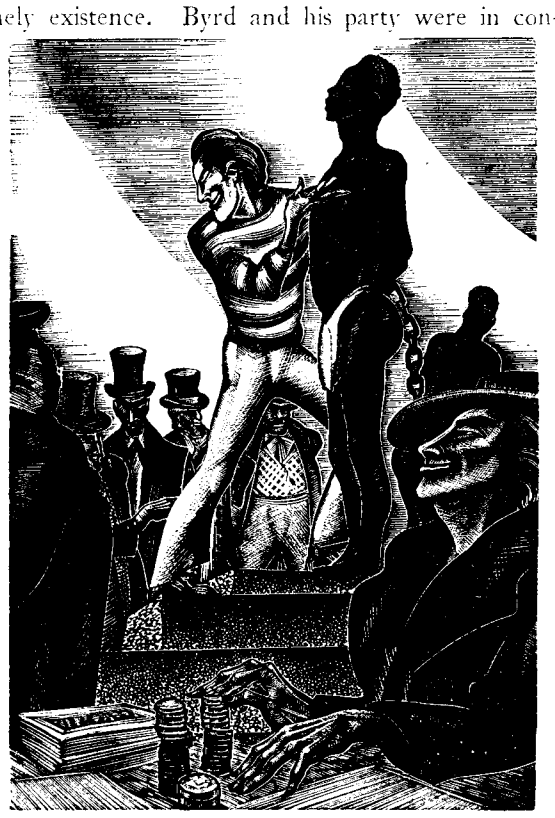

Illustration by Lynd Ward for "Madman's Drum" (Cape & Smith).

See page 460.

And what a factor of safety! When alarmed in the spring over the ice conditions, and fears were expressed by the party that the relief ship would not arrive, Byrd simply called up Captain Vermeli of the *Kilson Alonzo* and Captain Thorstensen of the *Ross* who were cruising along the edge of the pack and requested them to come to his aid! The Arctic man equipped with radio can throw aside many of his worries; for the world is listening in.

With games, work, care of dogs, lectures, and entertainment, the winter passes rapidly. And then that first sun! I can appreciate Byrd's climbing the wireless mast. We have climbed high hills and have even walked south for miles around the end of a cape to look upon the sun rising for the first time at the end of winter; and this in spite of the fact that every moment of the so-called dark period has been a happy one.

With the sun came the beginning of their real job. Arctic work differs from Antarctic in this respect. In the North if one is to go far, for example, to the North Pole and back, he must leave his winter quarters in the early morning of the long day even before the arrival of the sun at the time of the lowest temperature, 60° and 70° below zero. If he is not back on the land by June, he will never come back, for the ice is going out from under him every day. Low temperature means life, high temperature death.

In the South it is better traveling on the Great Barrier during the summer than in the winter and much more comfortable at that time. It is the same today as it was yesterday. And that is why Byrd deferred his trip. "On my return to camp I had a conference with Dr. Gould and it was decided the parties would not start until the temperature was not lower than 20° below, at which time the snow would offer a better sledging surface." How fortunate that they could do this. The attainment of the North Pole is much more difficult than the attainment of the South Pole in contradistinction to the accepted assertions of the press.

We are beginning to realize how important was the work of the expert meteorologist. His weather reports were accepted without question. Haines received credit as he should.

The sky was still overcast and the surface wind from the east-south-east. Haines came into the library his face very grave and determined. Dear old Bill, he always takes responsibilities seriously. Together we went out for a walk and a last look at the weather. What he said exactly I have forgotten, but it was in effect: "If you don't go now you may never have another chance as good as this."

Byrd never fails to give credit to his men, a fine quality in a leader.

The most exciting and most interesting part of the whole trip was undoubtedly the struggle over the "hump." Byrd has been criticized because, when apparently fighting for his life with a plane too heavy to rise, he did not sacrifice his heavy camera equipment instead of food which meant life if called upon to walk home. He did exactly right. The great and important result of his South Pole flight was not the reaching of that microscopic mathematical point, but a geographical picture record of hitherto unseen mountain ranges and peaks. Ashley C. McKinley should be knighted. He did a big work.

Within a few hours that thing which Byrd came to do was done. One should read Peary, Scott, Shackleton, and Amundsen to appreciate it. All dead now and all wonderful men. How they worked and endured and suffered to add a bit to the sum total of human knowledge. Byrd's name is not to be added to this list for there is no comparison between his work and what they did. His achievement is entirely different. He stands at the head of a new list of aerial explorers.

Let us not forget the silent men, the scientists who labor on and whose names are generally put on the back page. That trip of Larry Gould's far in and ever on toward the South Pole to bring back facts concerning the outcroppings of that great mass of rocks at that end of the world will result in a very valuable contribution to the science of geology. In fact, when comparing the results, I think his work stands at the head of the list.

Byrd has given us a good book, a record of resourcefulness, initiative, courage, and faith.

A Full-Length Portrait

DANIEL WEBSTER. By Claude Moore Fuess. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1930. 2 vols. $10.

Reviewed by Allan Nevins

AT last we have a biography of Webster which ranks with the very best lives of American statesmen yet written—with Schurz's Clay, with William Cabell Bruce's Benjamin Franklin, and with Beveridge's Marshall. The time was ripe for such a work as this. Since George Ticknor Curtis executed the "authorized" biography in 1870, a massive compilation of more than thirteen hundred pages, materials have slowly but steadily accumulated. The first really full collection of Webster's writings was made only a quarter-century ago. At the same time C. H. Van Tyne gathered together an invaluable volume of new letters. Such publications as the diary of Polk, the autobiography of Martin Van Buren, and the journal of Harriet Story Paige during Webster's tour in England, all appearing since 1910, have thrown much new light on Webster and his problems. A wealth of monographic studies has become available. The task of forging a new biography from these materials could not have fallen into better hands than Mr. Fuess's. His book combines thorough scholarship, critical penetration of a high order, and great literary charm; it is one of the best biographies of recent years.

Mr. Fuess has been fortunate in his subject, and he writes with the gusto of a man who appreciates the fact. Webster is one of our few great political figures of the first half of the nineteenth century who have grown in stature with the passage of time. That cannot be said of Clay; it certainly cannot be said of Calhoun. These two men are still commanding figures, but their statesmanship is not valued more highly than it was fifty years ago, and the spell which their personalities long exercised has largely evaporated. But Webster is now estimated more highly and praised much more unreservedly than was the fact even a short generation ago. The best writers of his own section once regarded him as great but weak, a man of strong genius but defective character, whose public services were at first enormous but who proved inconstant and who in the end ignominiously failed. That was the verdict of Lodge in his short life and of Rhodes in his great history. But a succession of recent writers, leading up to Mr. Fuess, have completely reversed it. Webster's fidelity to principle is now fully established, his services in helping preserve the Union are rated far higher than before, and his Seventh of March

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speech, once so bitterly denounced is now regarded as a culminating act of statesmanship, great alike in wisdom and in courage.

He is a figure, moreover, who has grown in interest. The power of his talents and personality seems almost as fresh as ever. This is partly because of his literary gifts; his speeches and his delightful letters can be read with undiminished pleasure, while the writings of nearly all his contemporaries are totally dead. The robustness and heartiness of the man has also preserved his appeal. He enjoyed life to the utmost; his love of his farm, his oxen, his fishing, his friends, his travels, of political battle and great forensic occasions, keeps him alive for us. He was one of the most human and affectionate of leaders. His very faults and foibles have stood his memory in good stead. What if he did get intoxicated, accepted gifts of money as carelessly as he gave money away, staved off his creditors shamelessly, loved applause too well, and pursued ambition too hotly? He was still the godlike Daniel, and all the more likable for his defects. He was cast in a large and careless mould, and posterity, like his contemporaries, can accept his ungirt ways and occasional excesses as part of the bigness of the man.

Mr. Fuess does justice to every aspect of his versatile career: to the shrewd lawyer, to the greatest of American orators, to the friend and companion, to the Secretary of State, and to the giant of the Senate. He does justice also to the time. From beginning to end of these two volumes he is at pains to keep the background of Webster's activity before the reader: first the New Hampshire hill farm; then the placid town of Portsmouth, where the young attorney profited so much from elders like Jeremiah Mason; then Boston as it was when Webster rose so rapidly to the rank of first citizen; then Washington in its various stages of growth from a crude village to a sprawling Southern city; and the whole North and East as Webster often traversed these sections. The canvas never lacks depth. The treatment of Webster is sympathetic, and yet always critical. Mr. Fuess seldom flinches from recording his hero's weaknesses, and points out with due emphasis his occasional blunders. His inconsistency on the tariff, and the not wholly creditable reasons for it, are fully set forth. His strange lack of vision with regard to the West is brought into clear relief; it is remarkable that Webster, with his rather grandiose imagination, cared little about keeping Oregon, and in 1848 declared that New Mexico and California "are not worth a dollar."

* * *

At the beginning Mr. Fuess's narrative moves slowly and at times clumsily, but later its ease, perspicuity, and interest never falter. Some chapters are fascinating. We may instance that which tells the dramatic story of the negotiations with Ashburton for the settlement of the Northeastern boundary; those which describe his difficult relations with the querulous and obstinate Tyler and the anger of the Boston Whigs because he consented to any relations at all; and those which relate the grim fight over the Compromise of 1850. It is shown that Webster performed two outstanding services for the republic. As Secretary of State under Tyler, he kept the peace when it would have been easy to blunder into a disastrous war, and with consummate dexterity managed the English negotiations with one hand while he kept Maine and Massachusetts quiet with the other. His tenure was brief, but his constructive labors proved that we have seldom had an abler man in that high office. Much more important, of course, was his work in expounding the idea of an indissoluble Union, and in rallying all the conservative forces of the North and West behind it. That work began with the Webster-Hayne debate. On January 26, 1830, Webster, roused by Hayne's utterances, asked Bell whether he should risk offending some of his friends by a full statement of his constitutional views. "It is time, it is high time," rejoined Bell, "that the people of this country should know what the Constitution *is*." "Then, by the blessing of heaven," Webster solemnly responded, "they shall learn, this day, before the sun goes down, what I understand it to be." The labor thus commenced was not finished until he rose to throw the full weight of his influence behind Clay's compromise proposals of 1850. For that brave speech Whittier and Garrison never forgave him; but history today would never forgive him had he failed to make it. For a long generation he was the true "Defender of the Constitution."

Particularly attractive, as one would expect, are the pages Mr. Fuess devotes to Webster in his informal moods and in his rural pursuits. He dearly loved a bottle of wine, a haunch of venison, or a planked shad. As Philip Hone of the famous diary knew him, he was the prince of good fellows. And he was happiest of all on the great Marshfield farm which he expanded to more than twelve hundred acres, and the operations of which Mr. Fuess describes more fully than any previous biographer. The final scene when he lay uncoffined in the October sunshine before the house, in his familiar blue coat with brass buttons, and then was borne to the grave by six farmers of the neighborhood, is one over which to linger.

Has this admirable work a weakness? If it has, it lies simply in this—that it contains little, either as biography or history, which is essentially new. It is based almost wholly on materials in print, it presents no striking new facts as to Webster's career, and its views of historical events are in the main simply those of our best previous authorities—of Justin H. Smith upon the Mexican War, for example, or Beveridge upon the crisis of 1850. But this is not really a weakness; it is simply a limitation inherent in the subject. So industrious and conscientious is Mr. Fuess in his search for material of all kinds, that he comes nearer to producing a new portrait than anyone would have believed possible. It is such a biography as we seldom see, and for at least our generation it may safely be pronounced definitive.

Renaissance Italy

INVITATION TO RENAISSANCE ITALY. By RACHEL ANNAND TAYLOR. New York: Harper & Bros. 1930. $4.

Reviewed by MARY CASS CANFIELD

TWO years ago, this country so warmly welcomed Mrs. Taylor's "Leonardo the Florentine" that the book figured for many months on lists of best sellers. And now appears "Invitation to Renaissance Italy," which is a reissue, with additions, of an earlier work, never before printed in America, and the one which first drew the attention of discerning readers to Rachel Annand Taylor.

In this preliminary review of Renaissance Italy are all the qualities which make the Leonardo biography a remarkable and fascinating study. Mrs. Taylor is literally "in love" with the Renaissance. Her enthusiasm sweeps one along, enchanted, and is, in an unusual way, combined with profound knowledge. This is a beautiful and complete piece of criticism; it is an amazing storehouse of facts and yet contains a poet's penetration and lyricism. Its rare thought is expressed in exquisite and highly colored prose.

One of Mrs. Taylor's chapters is entitled "The Artist," another "The Scholar." These two terms apply in unique fashion to this author, so well does she blend an unassailable power of research with a sensitive emotional response. Each chapter, each paragraph, almost each sentence is a surprise and a delight. Whether she deals with "Social and Political Conditions," whether she paints a city as in the chapter on Florence, or presents personalities as in the series of delicate and sharp cameos in the section called "Women of the Renaissance," or dissects the differing characteristics of artists, her intuition is so sure, her choice of epithets so aristocratically felicitous, that she achieves the greatest effect for which a writer strives—her word seems the last word on any subject. Her surrender to her topic is final and passionate; her reward is to attain a clarity in viewing the Renaissance epoch which has perhaps never been equaled.

Her mind is unconventional and self-absorbed; intolerant—perhaps oblivious—of the second-rate and the commonplace. Her faculty of compression, of vivid portraiture, of flashing analysis and detached discernment is shown a hundred times in the course of the book; and, in choosing a quotable bit, one is faced by such an embarrassment of riches that one almost gives up in despair. The following extract must serve as a sample of her quality:

> In this age of masculine temper, when the women please most as diplomatists and warriors, Botticelli remains the artist of the feminine principle, concerned chiefly with maintaining the acute spiritual trouble which prevents stagnation, with a complicated reverie of love and pain that only image can tell—the excess of sweetness, the crucifixions of love, the conflict between desire and renunciation, that longing for some unimagined and undeclared beauty which made him paint the neutral angels for Palmieri, so that they were called heretics for a while. These things, startling, disturbing, he resolves into unison by the wavering rhythm of his pattern. Woman, preoccupied with the dying god, as Venus or as Mary, Beauty, the mystic mother of Love, set about with ancient symbols of bread and wine and pomegranate, he draws within some tondo, and surrounds her with rings of strange angels, bearing flowers or twisted tapers. Or he sends her, dangerous liberator, pensively through the rare morning as Judith—Or lets her float over the rippled seas, a faery woman with soft motions, sorrowful at all the woe to come, showered about with her wan roses, sister of that tender Lodovici Venus, so unlike any other in antiquity. Or, in her thin raiment and golden bredes, leaves her to brood ironically, opposite the sleeping Mars, on the satiety and frustration of all earthly experience—Or in his masterpiece of imaginative design, she comes through the enchanted grove of Spring, that seems so filled with flame-like figures, not only as central goddess, but more as the feverish flowery creature with startled eyes and hastening foot—Persephone awake with the yearning narcotic April, back with death in her heart. It is his supreme expression, that masque of flowing forms which, like some sweet cadences in verse, half concede and half evade the formal canon. His city admired him for his masculine force; and masculine perhaps is the certitude and perfection of his rhythmic pattern. Nor is the nervous vibration of his art inconsistent with an age of masculine energy.

This is a book to be read slowly so that it may bear fruit; to be absorbed patiently since each sentence deserves meditation. To ponder it with love and understanding, is, as nearly as possible, to relive the Renaissance; it is to be admitted into a rich and immense mirage which reflects with exactitude a strange, fiery and delicate age; an age which, in its fervor toward the known and unknown, its enamored labor toward perfection and its creative fury flowering into grace, might possibly lead us to view with a certain mistrust our standardized materialism and to wonder whether, in abdicating our humanity in favor of the machine, we have not turned the word "progress" into a laughing stock for the gods.

Authentic Ireland

CROSS ROADS IN IRELAND. By PADRAIC COLUM. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1930. $3.50.

Reviewed by H. C. TRACY

THERE are a few men living who can see things—such things as Ireland—as they are, and yet invest them with what used to be called "glamour," before it was known that glamour, in the sense of intangible yet potent reality, is a part of the truth. One of these men is Padraic Colum. His intangibles are many, are, in fact, inexhaustible, but they never disturb the bare and stark reality in which he moves, and we with him, through the pages of this book.

Very careful, he is, not to intrude any one of his intangibles until he has set our feet firmly on the road—a very ordinary road in Meath, where you might cross a bridge of stone, over the Boyne, "a peaceful river," or you might stop to talk with a man driving ten head of cattle before him. If you do stop (and you will, being afoot with Colum) you break through into the man's background. This is what you will always be doing, for this is a saunter. Most of the ways are traveled like this, although walking is not an obsession; not done with gorgeous gusto as Belloc did it in the "Path to Rome," or for the act itself, its joys, thirsts, hardships, and satisfactions. The object is to see Ireland with an utter intimacy, its past in its present. Its bones are refleshed, folk long dead walk again, yet do not collide with "things as they are." Our guide is a druid. By which I mean that he is a man of peace, and a poet. He holds the scholar in abeyance.

Ireland is a land of imaginings. Those who breed and foster these nurselings of the heart are the people we call "common." This, doubtless, is the reason why Padraic Colum said in the preface to an earlier book, "The Road Around Ireland," that he would have little to say of "Nobility, Gentry,

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Merchants, and Professional classes"; for, as he explained, "other kind of folk came out better in this idiom." They do. And the invisible wealth of Ireland has never been made more apparent than here, through the idiom of which this author is maker and master. It is true that it has become more inclusive in this volume than it was in "The Road," and brings sometimes a professional person, or the land-owners (as a class rather than as individual persons), into its vogue. But it is still "other kind of folk" who come out better in it, and it is through them, or through certain ruins to which their lives are tangent, that perspective is gained.

You will accost a drover or a gypsy. You will look intently at an old woman with four ducks in a basket. You will hob-nob with the station-master, and from each one take a tincture of the Ireland that is. But pass a grass-mound or a ruined keep and you are with the kings of Tara; meet Diarmud and those verbose, persistent saints who connived with Heaven at his doom. Take a long look at the hills around Loch Erne and you are with the dynasts in Fermanagh. You see Giolla Iosa at King O'Reilly's house, as guest. You see his changed look when envoys bring word of defection on the part of vassals of the Me Guidhir Fhearmanach (Maguires of Fermanagh) under his brother Manus. You will see him ride with his retainers, and the great O'Donnell, seven hundred armed men, who will see the impost paid. These men are like Homer's kings, no one of whom would "think any the worse of himself for not living in a capital," and who counted their own herds of cattle, saw to the sowing and harvesting of their fields.

We might say, this is a book of fascinating digressions, did we not guess that the digressions are its substance and its soul.

But "Cross Roads in Ireland" is not all lore and evocation. You meet folk in the flesh, as well as the lore of them. The book, more especially in its latter half, is crammed with men and types alive and actual. You meet poets,—some of them you would not want to miss—and painters, as well as every kind of common person. There is a teeming life, and it is present. You begin to learn that Ireland is not all a past—is not merely a green moss in history—but has a human wealth of the present; has not merely deep roots in the old, but strong stolens reaching into the new, and fresh shoots springing from them. This vigor is in the text as well as in the subject matter.

A Pepys Among Us

PRE-WAR AMERICA. Volume III of "Our Times." By MARK SULLIVAN. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1930. $5.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE
Editor, The Emporia Gazette

WHAT a story Mark Sullivan has written of the America in the first decade of this century. The story of "Pre-War America" in Volume III begins with the death of McKinley and the ascension of Roosevelt to power, and the story is somewhat the story of America under Roosevelt's leadership. Or was it America leading Roosevelt? No one knows. And in reading Mr. Sullivan's book one feels the sympathy so closely woven between America and its leaders that it is hard to determine whether Roosevelt made the America of that day or the America of that day fashioned Roosevelt for a tool with which to work out the destiny of the Republic.

Mr. Sullivan has made several portraits of Roosevelt in his previous volume but nothing so illuminating, nothing that comes to life and jumps out of the page with such joy in it as the chapter on "Teddy." The book is alive with detail, beautiful detail, and it deals with much besides politics, with the theater, with books, with business, with all sorts and conditions of human activities.

The first of these volumes seemed to be unbeatable. The second seemed to be a supreme effort. But this third is the best of all. Mark Sullivan is making something more than a source book. He is making a sort of exalted, detached, objective Pepys diary of the American Republic, and the volume devoted to the third decade of the new century will be a delight to the heart of many generations.

Mark Sullivan's work as a historian is interesting because much of the history which he has written in these three volumes and all of the history he has written in this last volume, "Pre-War America," is a story in which he himself was an actor with more than a minor part. He has done a difficult thing. He has detached himself from the life he lived and is telling of it, not as a hero tale but as a tale that is told as though he himself had never known it, never seen it, never lived it. All the emotion that must have been his in those years of the Roosevelt administration has burned out and the memory of it does not seem to linger in these pages. This quality of detachment makes the volume much richer because while the memory remains the prejudices and passions of the scene are gone.

This book, more than either of the other of Mr. Sullivan's remarkable stories, is a real achievement.

The Puritan South

BY REASON OF STRENGTH. By GERALD W. JOHNSON. New York: Minton, Balch & Co. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

IN this day of few kind words for the Puritan, Gerald Johnson's portrait of a Puritan Southern lady in the too long Cavalier South is not only a very novel but also a fresh and beautiful contribution to contemporary literature. Already known as a biographer, Mr. Johnson in his first novel, "By Reason of Strength," has written at literary maturity and in the spirit of a mature America. Probably nowhere else is there a better picture of the stern plantation-owning Puritans who put the iron into the Cavalier strength of the South. Mr. Johnson's study of these people, religious, hard-working, austere, makes clear and intelligent the rule of the present South by its Puritan forces. Too often elsewhere the picture of the ancient South has been one of the few graceful Episcopalians dominating unimportant masses of Presbyterians, Methodists, and Baptists. Mr. Johnson, with a better understanding of fundamental things, has drawn not the conventional poor white Puritan family but a family with the Southern traditions of land, money, slaves, yet cast in the Puritan mold. Such people as Mr. Johnson describes saw everything they owned swept away just as did the ladies and gentlemen of the Valley of the James. And without ever having quite so much to do with printed romance their virtues have had the greater part in giving figure to the New South, just as also without romance they helped shape the Old.

In a fine, even prose, Mr. Johnson has written the story of three generations in the growth of America, telling it through a single family and actually through a single woman. Behind this family and this woman is the universal story of the rise of a nation through the strength and suffering of its women. Mr. Johnson in telling it is never unemotional. He is even romantic about women bearing men to see them die. But his is a Southern romance enlivened by intelligence rather than by local and geneological enthusiasms. It is a romance without melodrama and with none of the conventional Southern belles and beaux. Only briefly at the beginning is the story touched by romantic love. Its only villains are Death and War. It closes with only the ghost of a happy ending.

Mr. Johnson is a biographer and, fiction or not, Catherine Whyte, as he has painted her, is a portrait as real as either his Andrew Jackson or his Randolph of Roanoke. Born Catherine Campbell of the proud Campbells of Argyll, she gives up her beloved Scotch heritage to marry Donald Whyte, plain Scotch farmer and preacher of the fear of God. Hating the move, but loving him, she comes to the young United States where God has called Whyte in a dream. With her own spirit she builds a new clan in the American wilderness where high pine trees slowly, very slowly, recede before broad plantation fields. She builds it only to see it all but wiped away in the bloody Civil War, and to see the wilderness come back quickly across the neglected fields.

Mr. Johnson's understanding of Catherine Whyte and her neighbors of the Carolina Cape Fear Country has produced a book which possesses the fundamental truth of sound poetry. There is almost epic material in the story of these Whytes in America but Mr. Johnson has chosen to shape it into an elegy. There is sometimes a feeling in the reading that the book is perhaps too briefly, too compactly, written. Occasionally time seems not to pass but to be merely announced. But far more important than this, Mr. Johnson's work possesses the now rare quality of beauty in piety, lost alike to sentimentalist and scoffer. What Mr. Johnson has written about, he loves. His is a wise, grave beauty and he has made it into a wise and grave and beautiful book.

Ever After

CINDERELLA'S DAUGHTER. By JOHN ERSKINE. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by MARY BORDEN
Author of "The Woman with White Eyes."

MR. JOHN ERSKINE is a stylist. His pages are suave, smooth, creamy. I like the savor on my tongue of his felicitous phrases. He has, as well, a neat wit and he employs what at first appear to be very delicate tools in his business of demolishing the glamor of the world of romantic legend—all the same there is something wrong with this, his latest volume of short stories.

I think he is the victim of his public and his publisher, who, because he once hit upon a good idea have compelled him to ride it to exhaustion; and he rides it this time, unfortunately, into Fairyland. Don Quixote on his sorry nag, tilting against windmills, was beautifully deluded. Mr. Erskine is deluded, too, but in a very different way. He mistakes Fairy Godmothers, Cinderellas, and Sleeping Beauties for real people and charges down upon them prepared to strip them of their romantic habiliments and show them to us as they really are, creatures like ourselves—but, alas—at the first onslaught, they vanish into thin air.

The first story, "Cinderella's Daughter," gives its title to the collection and it is an annoying affair, for it has nothing whatever to do with Cinderella or her Prince or her daughter. It leaves out everything that mattered—it doesn't mention the pumpkin coach, the mice that were turned into prancing horses to draw it, the magic wand, or the glass slipper. In other words, it ignores the fact that Cinderella was touched by magic and otherwise quite uninteresting. He begins when, supposedly, this magic has worn off, and the result is a very trite story of a tiresome married couple who should be called Mr. and Mrs. Snooks, and their daughter, a bright young modern thing who catches out her old humbug of a father in a flirtation. And Mr. Erskine's own apology for using the names of my very first and earliest friends as a trick to gain my interest in these dreary people doesn't placate me.

* * *

"We are," says the author, "the answer in hieroglyphic to the question we would put. Our observation of ourselves is proper comment upon any legend, however puzzling." But the fact is that the story of Cinderella is not in the least puzzling, and the mind that would have it so would seem to me to be a heavy, almost pompous, mind. Cinderella was a dainty creature, her story is merely a fairy story for children, its idea as light and airy as thistledown. And really there's no point in Mr. Erskine's treating her as he did that robust, stalwart woman, Helen of Troy. There is even a certain indelicacy. Helen, one feels, could look after herself, and has done so through the ages. The face that launched a thousand ships is a fit subject for conjecture and scrutiny, but poor Cinderella without her glass slipper and her fairy Godmother and the coach made out of a pumpkin—she is nothing, she disappears.

Perhaps in saying this I've hit on the cause of my uneasiness and disappointment. Most of the old stories upon which this volume is based do not depend for their immortality on types of character. With the exception of Lady Godiva, the characters and the consequent clash of events are purely secondary and Lady Godiva is out of her own set in this book. Her motives and her after thoughts are perhaps fit subjects for Mr. Erskine's analysis, not so her incongruous associates in this volume. It was not the Sleeping Beauty, herself, who was interesting, it was the idea of the enchanted, spellbound garden that pleased—nor was it Jack, in Jack and the Beanstalk, who enthralled us, it was the miracle of the Beanstalk itself, so how can we care what happened to him when the grand, old, terrible giant was dead? We don't care. In fact, Mr. Erskine has made a mistake. These fairy stories, unlike the legend of Helen and the drama of Adam and Eve, are complete, they are finished, there was nothing more to be done with them. Luckily he added two tales to his volume which the publishers hint are not old tales but stories of his own invention and they are charming. Indeed, the last of all is so strangely moving that it indicates what the author ought to have been doing during the hours he spent with Cinderella, Beauty and the Beast, and Jack of the Beanstalk, trying to spoil them for us.

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The Bowling Green

Trade Winds

AS one who got his first training in the book business writing publishers' "literary notes" (under the strong tuition of Harry Maule of Doubleday's) we always look with a critically affectionate eye on publishers' press stuff. We now lay a small sprig of laurel on the very pleasant little biographical note sent out by Houghton Mifflin in re their author Doris Peel. We quote:—

DORIS PEEL

At four she was picking raspberries in her grandmother's garden in Surrey. At six she took a prize for a condensed version of "Pilgrim's Progress." Born in England, she migrated to Brookline, Massachusetts, via Canada and Raleigh, N. C. One of her favorite diversions is watching people in street cars. Business offices frighten her to the point of faintness.

A few years ago she impersonated Bluebeard's first wife on a professional stage, and was once pitted against Beverley Nichols on the lecture platform. She writes slowly, discards page after page, and looks fully five years younger than she really is. She feels that both Thackeray and Sherwood Anderson are overrated. Despair is not her long suit. Once she went to New York but hurried out of it almost immediately.

* * *

It is in book-auction catalogues that we learn how very human the Founding Fathers were. The recently established Chicago Book and Art Auctions Company, in the Fine Arts Building, Chicago, lists in its sale of December 12 a letter from a wine merchant in Bordeaux to George Washington in re some claret he had ordered: It is dated Dec. 5, 1789:—

We have taken much pains to procure this wine and are well persuaded it is the best to be had, but in fear it (the claret particularly) may not be found fit for drinking immediately tho' it is old pure & one of the first growth since it has just been bottled. As the best wine is always bought in cask, we beg leave to recommend to you to order always somewhat in advance, that it may lie 6 or 8 months in bottle to ripen.

In our last we told you that no good champagne wine is to be had here, except when expressly ordered from that place, but a friend of ours at Rheims from whence that wine is sent, has spared us a case of 2 doz. bottles (1 doz. white sparkling & 1 doz. still red) both of the best quality, which we take the liberty to send you as a sample.

What pleases us is that that may have been the very wine that made those claret stains which are still visible on George's waistcoat preserved in the State House in Philadelphia.

The Anderson-American Art Company quoted the following in a recent catalogue of Thomas Jefferson MSS. It is from a letter written by Jefferson to his friend William Fleming, March 20, 1764 (Jefferson being then twenty-one) after T. J. had heard of the engagement of a young woman in whom he had been sentimentally interested:—

You say you are determined to be married as soon as possible: and advise me to do the same. no thank ye; I will consider of it first. many and great are the comforts of a single state, and neither of the reasons you urge can have any influence with an inhabitant and a young inhabitant too of W'msburgh. for St. Paul only says that it is better to be married than to burn. now I presume that if that apostle had known that providence would at an after day be so kind to any particular set of people as to furnish them with other means of extinguishing their fire than those of matrimony, he would have earnestly recommended them to their practice.

* * *

We said something to the effect that Shakespeare's allusion (in 2nd Henry IV, Act III) to the shipboy going to sleep on the "high and giddy mast" didn't seem very sailorly. But our old friend Bob Boissevain, who ought to know, writes to reprove. He says:—

Shakespeare is right again. I cruised for several years in the nineties on Dutch men-of-war—full-rigged ships. We used to have a lookout in the fore-top, which on men-of-war is a platform with railing; coils of rope invite sleep and rest and many an hour of my watch below have I passed in the fore-top—the horizon wider than on deck; no sound but the sighing and groaning of the rigging—most lovely sound never again to be recaptured.

The lookout in the fore-top during the night watches would have to call out "All's well" after each bell. However we found that this countersign would be sung out once in a while between bells—sure sign of a fitful slumber. We then decided on giving a new countersign at the beginning of each watch. On my watch I had to name the countersign and I preferably chose a girl's name—a name sweet and dear to me, and in those days I had no lack of choice either. It was a great thrill to hear the beloved name bellowed forth over the wide waters in the stillness of the night or accompanied by the sound of the wind in the rigging and the swish of the waves.

And it kept the shipboy on the high and giddy mast from drowsing.

* * *

Walter F. Brown, Postmaster General, in his instructions to his large congregation on the subject of Christmas Mailing, says that "parcels may be sent by international parcel post to all foreign countries except Tristan Da Cunha, Mongolia, and Andorra." . . . That makes us a little sad. What have those regions done to be deprived of the ministrations of Santa Claus? Has the SATURDAY REVIEW any subscribers in any of the three? If so will they please write and tell us what Christmas is like in those parts? . . . S. B. F. writes from Mt. Vernon, N. Y. to say (since we had wondered about it) that he believes the famous Autographed Door which was once in Frank Shay's vanished bookshop at 4 Christopher Street is now at Daca's bookshop, 63 Washington Square South. . . . S. B. F. adds some words of special and well deserved praise for Alfred Goldsmith's bookstore on Lexington Avenue; it is too long since we have been in there rooting around for George Gissings. . . . Those who might just as well as not spend $100 for a set of books (there must be a great many) would never regret blowing themselves to the forthcoming Centenary Edition of Hazlitt's Works (J. M. Dent and Sons, Toronto). . . . Those who feel they can afford 75 cents for a lifelong treasure should not forget the good old Muses' Library series published by E. P. Dutton, in which (for example) you can find the complete poems of John Donne in two small pocket volumes; and for $1.50 many eyes can be permanently enlarged . . . the lovers of John Donne are not many but they have their big moments. . . . Merle Johnson, 243 West 34, N. Y. C., lists in his little Christmas catalogue a copy of Ellen Glasgow's *The Miller of Old Church* with this charming inscription: "By the time the meek inherit the earth, there'll be precious little left on it except the leavin's of the proud—Ellen Glasgow." . . .One pleasantly unusual kind of Christmas present would be to have your high-born friend's coat of arms emblazoned in the correct heraldic tinctures by Herald William Hall of 132 Lexington Avenue. Bill (known to his Shakespearean friends as Mr. W. H.) does a beautiful job of heraldic design in water-colors for $50; it is worth $50 just to hear Bill laugh when he is feeling like laughing. . . . How much is a good laugh worth at the current rate of exchange? . . . The Lakeside Press *Moby Dick* is the only book we have seen that goes out to subscribers in a metal case. . . . Edgar H. Wells, we see by his latest catalogue, offers for $12.50 John Quinn's copy of T. W. H. Crosland's *Collected Poems*, which was our favorite book for the year 1917. . . . Our own greatest bookshop adventure lately was finding in a London catalogue the 1769 (first edition) Ode by David Garrick "Upon dedicating a Building and erecting a Statue, to Shakespeare, at Stratford upon Avon." When we saw the item listed at 10/6 we couldn't quite believe it, but we cabled, and got it. . . .

* * *

It was old Thomas B. Mosher who was usually first to discover the exciting things. Mitchell Kennerley has just pointed out to us that T. B. M. printed two of Dr. Axel Munthe's charming sketches in the *Bibelot* as long ago as 1905. One of them was *For Those Who Love Music*, a beautiful and touching thing to read aloud at Christmas time; it is reprinted in *Memories and Vagaries*, now in all the shops. . . . William H. Wise & Co.'s reprint of the complete set of Mosher's Bibelots remains one of the richest and most variously enchanting treasuries for sensitive readers. . . . Riding on a suburban train out of Philadelphia to Haverford, we saw a gentleman engrossed in reading the Bible, the book of Revelations. Riding in the Seventh Avenue subway a dark young man next to us was reading a paper-bound book at the chapter called "HOW TO BEGIN: How to Build a Mass Young Communist League" . . . Contrasts between New York and Philadelphia have always fascinated us. . . . A tavern on the slope of Murray Hill is about to invent a variation of the Oldfashioned cocktail: it is called *Goldfish Under the Ice;* the orange-peel is cut out in the shape of small goldfish; very refreshing. . . . Wearing spectacles for the first time is quite an adventure; we had heard people talking about the stars all our life but had no idea there were so many of them; nor had we realized that a gibbous moon looks exactly like a Benda mask. . . . No more can we have that happy uncertainty as to signs and inscriptions on the other side of the street; with its pleasant unexpectedness, as when, approaching the Town Hall on 43rd Street obliquely we read its motto as *Ye Shall Know the Truth and the Truth Shall Make You Fret.* . . . Mr. Rian James's sprightly and knowing *Dining in New York* is going into a good many Christmas stockings; it is a lively appetizer and we feel sure that in the second edition his proofreader will correct some of those French Spellings. . . . We were specially pleased to find Mary Austin (in her letter to the SATURDAY REVIEW last week) praising *English as Experience* by Henry C. Tracy. This book we came upon quite by chance two years ago. It is one of the few books that might profitably be used to encourage the appreciation of literature; it is invigorating, informal and wise, and would be an excellent Christmas present for any college student who is really interested in his "English" courses.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Picturesque Annals

THE OLD CHINA TRADE: By FOSTER RHEA DULLES. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1930. $4.

Reviewed by HENRY KITTREDGE NORTON

THE preoccupation of the average historian with the political life of peoples, his predilection for the musty archives of governments, frequently leaves untouched large areas of human activity which bulked larger in the life of the time and are more significant from the point of view of their consequences than any amount of political manoeuvering. The fact that these activities were romantic in the extreme in no sense disqualifies them as raw material for history.

Thus it was with the ventures of the early American merchants which made up "the old China trade." Their story is pulsing with life, swings with fascinating abandon from the sombre note of tragedy to the hilarious triolets of the ridiculous and the absurd, and withal tells of labors which built a large share of the economic foundation of this country.

The young nation which was born of the Revolution and the treaty of peace found itself under the urgent necessity of making a place for itself in a hostile world. The British were by no means ready to turn over to their erstwhile colonists any portion of the world trade which they had built up. In fact they, along with all other commercial competitors, were ready to put every possible obstacle in their way.

But the young nation had ships. Good ships and plenty of them. Most of their crews had had training as privateers during the Revolution. They could sail anytime, anywhere, and could fight if that was necessary. These ships and crews were ready and willing to go somewhere but they had no place to go until Robert Morris marked out a new trail across the seas. He sent *The Empress of China* to Canton, whence she returned with the credit side of her ledger far ahead of the debits. From Baltimore, Philadelphia, Boston, and Salem other American ships put out to try their luck in this new venture.

Most of them won—won on such a scale that the China trade became the basis of many of the great private fortunes of this country and furnished no small part of the capital which was necessary to start its commercial and industrial development.

All this was much to the discomfiture of the British, whose East India Company had for years held a monopolistic grip on the Canton trade. This they thought was utterly safe from American competition. Canton seemed too far away from the American seaboard of that time for possible consideration. But the British were wrong. The tiny American ships with their skeleton crews made up of youngsters in their late 'teens or early twenties, sailed around and past the lumbering Indiamen. The newcomers so forced the pace at Canton that they won first place in China trade and the British government cancelled the monopoly of the East India Company to let more supple British merchant adventurers carry on against the Americans.

Mr. Dulles has told the story of this trade from the sailing of *The Empress of China* in 1784 to the signing of the Treaty of Wanghia sixty years later, when relations with China were put on a different basis and the "Old China trade" gave place to the new. In a dozen fascinating chapters he has followed the bold sailorman of the young republic, giving us a welcome appendix to our more stereotyped history in a volume whose readability detracts not the least from its authority.

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Say It With Books. II.

By Amy Loveman

WE were talking of books for your friends of the cloth last week when we were forced to an abrupt farewell. Now, to come in by that same door where out we went, if we may misquote Fitzgerald, we start by saying that if your minister friend is interested in fiction you might add to his other volume Virginia Hersch's "Woman under Glass" (Harpers), the story of St. Teresa of Avila.

Well, the ministry now being provided for, we shall on to the legal fraternity. The law! Ah,

The Law is the true embodiment
Of everything that's excellent
It has no kind of fault or flaw.

We wonder how many of our compatriots would agree with that in these days of prohibition, and corrupt magistrates, and unsolved murders in police circles. At any rate lawyers who are the friends upon whom books are to be bestowed may be counted on to be open-minded gentlemen of honor eager to read whatever may conduce to the advancement of their profession. Any one of them, for instance, might be glad of the chance to enter into understanding of the national consciousness which Peter Odegard's "The American Public Mind" (Columbia) affords, or to read Roscoe Pound's "Criminal Justice in America" (Harpers), or Raymond Moley's "Our Criminal Courts" (Minton, Balch), or Harry Best's "Crime and Criminal Law in the United States" (Macmillan), which last considers those subjects primarily in their present-day social aspects. Curiosity, at least, ought to incline them toward Fred D. Pasley's "Al Capone" (Washburn), a biography full of dramatic material, and perhaps their historic sense will draw them toward an outlaw of older days, Lafitte the Pirate, of whom Lyle Saxon has written a life which the Century Company has published.

But stay. There is no reason to suppose that the gentlemen of the legal profession care nothing for fiction. If novels they wish there is an outstanding one for you to bestow,—Lion Feuchtwanger's "Success" (Viking), which is a powerful and enlightening portrayal in fiction form of certain processes of law. And then there are stories of crime and mystery.

By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes.

Here's "The Strangler Fig" (Crime Club), by John Stephen Strange, and "Charlie Chan Carries On" (Bobbs-Merrill), by Earl Derr Biggers, and T. Torgenson's "The Murderer Returns" (Smith), and Agatha Christie's "The Murder at the Vicarage" (Dodd, Mead), and Octavus Roy Cohen's "The Backstage Mystery" (Appleton), and Claude Houghton's "I Am Jonathan Scrivener" (Simon & Schuster), and "Mary Roberts Rinehart's Mystery Book" (Farrar & Rinehart), which contains some of the best of her detective novels. One of the facts that emerges from these books is that the police are not always—perhaps often—the agencies which discover criminals. On the whole indeed, it still seems true that

take one consideration with another
A policeman's lot is not a happy one.

My goodness! We nearly forgot to mention the prize mystery collection of all—the Sherlock Holmes stories which Doubleday, Doran has put forth in two volumes, one containing all the long tales, the other all the short. There's a royal gift for a lawyer.

Your lawyer and your internationalist may be one and the same; on the other hand they may not be. If the latter is the case rather than studies in crime and criminology, you may wish to bestow on your friend such records of diplomacy as Harold Nicolson's "Portrait of a Diplomatist" (Houghton Mifflin) or Allan Nevins's life of Henry White (Harpers). Or perhaps you would like to give him the pleasantly gossipy "Letters of Archie Butt" (Doubleday, Doran), or, to mention something of an entirely different nature, Foster Rhea Dulles's "The Old China Trade" (Houghton Mifflin).

Well, well. We've been neglecting the man of general interests too long, and surely he represents the average of your acquaintance. "A man," said Samuel Johnson," ought to read just as inclination leads him." So now we shall proceed to offer you a variety of titles to meet tastes of different sorts. Or, wait. First we'll give you some that may prove enlightening to the man who would have an intelligent insight into the world around him. For, to quote Johnson again,

Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?

Certainly not, if there are such works to be had as Charles A. Beard's "The American Leviathan" (Macmillan), on which his son, William, has collaborated with him, or Mark Sullivan's "Our Times" (Scribners), or "The Giant of the Western World" (Morrow), by Francis Miller and Helen Hill. Perhaps he would like to know something from the scientific angle of the development of this world in which he lives; if so, send him John Hodgson Bradley's "Parade of the Living" (Coward-McCann).

Don't forget to tuck into the parcel for your friend the general reader "Mr. Currier and Mr. Ives" (Doubleday, Doran), by Russel Crouse, which he will want both for its pictures and for the lively text that accompanies them, and Admiral Byrd's "Little America" (Putnam), and John Mason Brown's "Upstage" (Norton).

That friend to whom you send "Mr. Currier and Mr. Ives" might think it excellent extravagance on your part if you sent him also Paul Morand's "New York" (Holt), or "The Third *New Yorker* Album" (Doubleday, Doran), or "The Sins of New York" (Stokes), edited by Edward Van Every, which records "purple scenes" as exposed by the *Police Gazette*—all of them entertaining volumes.

And now your friend of middle age, one whom Cowper's lines describe:

His head
Not yet completely silvered o'er,
Bespoke him past the bounds of freshest
youth.

"What imports the nomination of this gentleman?" Books that have a quiet grace, or some flavor of the past that still lies within his experience, or some illumination to offer on the changing social codes and manners of the present. For him we would prescribe such volumes as E. F. Benson's "As We Were" (Longmans, Green), "a Victorian peep-show" or R. D. Blumenfeld's "Bicycles and Bustles" (Brewer & Warren), to recall to him the days of his early youth when the whatnots and flowered wall papers and stone fruit that are springing again into fashion were the decorations of his home, or "The Edwardians" (Doubleday, Doran), in which V. Sackville West paints a picture of English society at a slightly later time through the medium of an artificial but interesting novel. And then, if you would give him (or her, for our he is a she just as well) more fiction, you can choose from "Miss Mole" (Harcourt, Brace), by E. H. Young, "The Rector's Daughter" (Coward-McCann), by F. W. Mayor—But no; we are already in trouble. To choose is difficult here; our own inclination would be to send both. Still if choice we had to make,—Well, all we can say is

How happy could I be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away.

To resume. You might well send in addition or instead of any of the foregoing Martha Ostenso's "The Waters under the Earth" (Dodd, Mead) or Anne Douglas Sedgwick's "Philippa" (Houghton Mifflin) to keep your middle-aged friend in touch with rebellious youth, or again "The Longer Day" (Bobbs-Merrill), by the author of "Miss Tiverton Goes Out," or A. P. Herbert's "The Water Gypsies" (Doubleday, Doran) to restore him to the Victorian mood. Terrible! We nearly forgot the novel *par excellence* for that purpose—J. B. Priestley's "Angel Pavement" (Harpers), a fine work which stems directly from Dickens.

And now that we've dispatched the gentleman of advancing years, we'll on to him of advanced, too often, alas! "groaning ever for the past." Well, in Macaulay's words, "no man who is correctly informed about the past, will be disposed to take a morose or desponding view of the present." And here's Macaulay's own grandnephew, George Macaulay Trevelyan, furnishing just the sort of a book to give correct information of the past—a volume entitled "England under Queen Anne: Blenheim" (Longmans, Green), the first of a series that will constitute an authoritative history of the period. Then there's Thomas Walsh's "Isabella of Spain" (McBride) and Catharine Young's "A Lady Who Loved Herself" (Knopf), a life of Madame Roland, and Madeleine Clemenceau Jacquemaire's biography (Longmans, Green) of the same lady, and Jehanne d'Orlice's study of another, Diane de Poitiers, which Lippincott has issued under the title, "The Moon Lady."

There are two books of recent history which we think likely to prove of interest to men and women of middle and older years, and which yet we should recommend especially for those of your acquaintance who are more youthful and who might do well to acquire a background of the recent past against which to project their own recalcitrant present. We refer to Mark Sullivan's "Our Times" (Scribners), a comprehensive garnering of events, customs, and social points of view as they constituted the life of the American people in the period antecedent to the war, and Esmé Wingfield Stratford's "Those Earnest Victorians" (Morrow), a most enlightening and understanding study of the much maligned Victorian era.

"Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more." Here is a book nicely designed for your feminist sisters, those who throw themselves heart and soul into movements for the advancement of their sex. Ray Strachey in "Struggle" (Duffield) has written an account of the march of the English woman toward political and economic freedom that should be both interesting and heartening, and that might very well have as a gift to accompany it Dorothy Canfield's new novel "The Deepening Stream" (Harcourt, Brace), the latter merely by way of antidote to its concentration on woman as an individualist and as a forceful portrayal of the problems and perplexities of the woman in the family.

Surely you number among your acquaintance some of those of whom Goldsmith said: "They would talk of nothing but high life, and high-lived company, with the fashionable topics such as pictures, taste, Shakespeare, and the musical glasses?" Well, if you do, you would probably be fitting your gift to their more or less sophisticated taste if you sent by way of lighter reading "Cinderella's Daughter" (Bobbs-Merrill), by John Erskine, which takes up some of the old fairy tales where their characters show signs of not living happily ever after, or Kay Boyle's "Wedding Day and Other Stories" (Cape-Smith), Somerset Maugham's "Cakes and Ale" (Doubleday, Doran), which has roused something of a sensation in England with its portrayal under thin disguise of certain well-known literary personages, Louis Bromfield's "Twenty-four Hours" (Stokes), in which New York is setting and background for the limning of an ingrown society, or Norman Lindsay's "Every Mother's Son" (Cosmopolitan), a tale of adolescents who are trying to make their escape from the follies and shortsightedness of an older generation. If you want to shock your friends into realization of the bitterer aspects of life you might add to the other novels either of two grim tales—both of them good—Caradoc Evans's "Nothing to Pay" (Norton) or William Faulkner's "As I Lay Dying" (Cape-Smith).

But we forget that these friends of yours are wont to talk of such topics as "pictures, taste, Shakespeare, and the musical glasses." Here is grist for their mill. Hendrik Willem Van Loon's "R. v. R. (Liveright), a study of Rembrandt; Cecilia Beaux's autobiography, entitled "Background with Figures" (Houghton Mifflin); James Laver's "Whistler" (Cosmopolitan) and "Whistler the Friend" (Lippincott), by Elizabeth Robins Pennell. There's for those who would talk of pictures. Now for the musical glasses. No, of course we don't mean those that ring to convivial toasts. "Let us the cannikin clink" (there's nothing like improving on Browning.) We don't mean that kind. Nor do we mean what Goldsmith did. We're just struggling to get around to music and the makers of music. Having at last arrived by devious means we give you (and after all we seem to have got back to the toasts) Count de Moulin Eckart's "Cosima Wagner" (Knopf) and "George Gershwin's Song Book" (Simon & Schuster). Sort of an anticlimax, isn't it, so long a preamble for two titles? Well, let it stand. "Taste," "taste," of taste they talk, your friends the sophisticates. Ah, we'll steal a march upon them. How about a cook book? There's Mary D. Pretlow's "Old Southern Recipes" (McBride). That might be a gentle method of poking fun at their erudite conversation, and a gift that would better please their families than some abstract treatise.

"Abstract treatise" puts us in mind of philosophy, and philosophy of its handmaid psychology.

Here once, through an alley Titanic,
Of cypress, I roamed with my soul,—
Of cypress, with Psyche, my soul.

Well, we'll be practical about it, and instead of Freudian discussions and technical dissertations we'll just call to your attention two volumes that are of general interest—Walter B. Pitkin's "The Psychology of Achievement" (Simon & Schuster), a sort of case history, and Bertrand Russell's "The Conquest of Happiness" (Liveright).

Woe is us! Until this moment we have forgotten that undoubtedly you have among your acquaintance those who would keep abreast of foreign literature.

Bless thee, Bottom! Bless thee! Thou art translated.

Here's a group of good foreign novels meet for Christmas presents: Knut Hamsun's "Vagabonds" (Coward-McCann), one of the best of its author's works and one that has a gay humor running through its more sober narrative; "The Song of the Wheatfields" (Brewer & Warren), by Ferenc Mora; "Claudia" (Viking), by Arnold Zweig; Bernhard Gutmann's "Ambition" (Harpers); F. Panorros's "Brusski: The Soil Redeemed" (International), a Soviet novel; J. Van Ammers-Kuller's "Jenny Heysten's Career" (Dutton); and Liviu Rebreneau's "Forest of the Hanged" (Duffield), a Rumanian tale.

The end draws near, but has not yet arrived. Ah, consummation devoutly to be wished for! Still, however, among two or three other categories remain your friends the travel loving. Travel, you know, said Bacon, "in the younger sort, is a part of education; in the elder, a part of experience." So here's for them. "Cross Roads in Ireland" (Macmillan), by Padraic Colum; "Dark Trails" (Putnam), by George K. Cherrie, and, so that they may absorb their local color by way of fiction, Stella Benson's "The Far-Away Bride" (Harpers), the scene of which is laid in China, Gunnar Gunnarson's "Seven Days' Darkness" (Macmillan) a tale of Iceland, and Carl Wilhelmson's "Midsummernight" (Farrar & Rinehart), a story of Finland.

But one more special group remains to us, that of your friends who served in the war and still would read of battle, "chiefs who (fortunately) no more in bloody fights engage." For them we recommend "The Real War" (Little, Brown), by Captain B. H. Liddell Hart; "Jeb Stuart" (Scribners), by Captain J. W. Thomason; "Washington: Commander-in-Chief" (Houghton Mifflin), by Captain J. W. Thomason, and, if they prefer their war in the guise of fiction, "Soldiers March" (Harcourt, Brace), by Theodore Fredenburgh, "The Cross Bearers" (Viking), by A. M. Frey, and "Memoirs of an Infantry Officer" (Coward-McCann), by Siegfried Sassoon.

We are arrived at our conclusion. "Old and young are all in our last cruise," so we roll off for you a somewhat heterogeneous collection of books. Their bond of unity is that they are interesting. Here is our final list, fiction and non-fiction scrambled together. To such confusion have we

(*Continued on page 461*)

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A Letter from France

By Abel Chevalley

"LE Detective Novel et l'Influence de la Pensée Scientifique," by M. Régis Messac, is a copious treatise in seven hundred closely printed pages (Champion. Bibliothèque de Littérature Comparée. F. Baldensperger). Had I not, for other reasons, been called upon to face that macrocosm, its title and object would only be mentioned here with the respectful vagueness of distant acquaintanceship.

But it results from M. Messac's comprehensive study that the detective novel, or mystery story, is the one literary *genre* that ripened in America while still green elsewhere. According to M. Messac, Edgar Poe brought it to a degree of perfction beyond which only technical developments could be expected. Some English practitioners, a certain Conan Doyle for instance, have since invented various improvements. But the essential rules of the game had been laid down, and nothing remained but to devise new gambits. This is better done, and more amply, in the new than in the old continent.

In absolute quantity, in average quality, the American detective story seems to have obtained, all the world over, the same preeminence as the American motor car of medium size, and top price. It also shares with helium the privilege of being a safe substitute for inflammable stuff, supplied in industrial quantities by one single country, export not forbidden.

All of which being taken into consideration, I cannot afford to ignore the biggest book yet published in French on the detective novel and kindred species. All the tabulative, enumerative, historical, analytic, and descriptive part is exhaustively treated.

Book I. Origin, early developments, morphology, even in a certain sense, philosophy of the *genre*.

Book II. Ghosts, Quacks, Brigands: Mrs. Radcliffe, Horace Walpole, Cagliostro, Godwin (Caleb Williams), Charles Brockden Brown (Wieland).

Book III. Pathfinders: Lavater, The Physiognomists. The Trackers and Hunters, Fenimore Cooper; then, Balzac, disciple of both Lavater and Cooper, and closely affiliated with all previous dealers in mystery.

Book IV. Edgar Poe, who comes in like the Messiah after the Old Testament, fulfilling prophecies and bringing the new Revelation.

Book V. The Feuilletonists: "Ponson du Terrail," and "Rocambole," Eugène Sue and "Les Mystères de Paris"; Balzac again ("Vautrain"); Alexandre Dumas in "Les Misérables," especially book V, vol. II; Gaboriau and Lecoq; Féval, Soulié, Aymard, Boisgobey, Montépin, etc., etc.

Book VI. Conan Doyle and "Sherlock Holmes"; Nick Carter with special honor to J. R. Coryell, creator of the type (who "produced" by contract one million words per annum) and Van Rasselaer Day (1,076 stories in half a score years); Maurice Leblanc ("Arsène Lupin"); Gaston Leroux ("Rouletabille").

This encyclopædia does not include the living generation. The matter is so rich and restive that, without pretending to any special erudition, one could pick up some holes in the fabric. Such as it is, a tapestry of that sort remains impressive. M. Messac is tireless, sometimes tiresome. He carries the weight of his lore without any apparent effort; but his readers must be prepared to exert themselves. He is fertile in *rapprochements*, comparisons, affiliates his heroes with a bold skill, classifies them into related and sub-related clans. If he had limited himself to one half of his subject, he would have given us a perfect analytic, comparative, and descriptive account of the one literary *genre* which, however vulgarized and specialized in modern times, is at the root of all species of narrative literature. The intrusion of what he calls ambitiously and ambiguously "scientific thought" needlessly complicates, and to a large extent spoils, his business.

To be quite candid, I am not at all sure that M. Messac's idea of science is scientific. Much too simple. At times, boobyish. What he calls scientific thought as applied to the detective novel is neither much thought nor much science, but a mere string of embryonic inductions. Fancy limiting science to explanation, explanation to detection, and detection to the discovery of one single cause, object, or action. . . . Axiom: *Il n'y a de science que du général.* Nothing is scientific that does not lead to, or fall within, a law. The tracking of a wild beast by a bushman is perfect in its way. I remember a feat of that sort performed for my most unworthy sake (I missed twice) somewhere on the Kafue river, between Zambezi and Congo, in 1909. I had with me one of the Grenfell twins, the lancer, then stationed at Gotchefstroom (Transvaal), one of the most perfect types of Kipling's young Englishmen. He was beside himself with wonder. The thing lasted a whole day, and our Boer guide's commentary made it as clear as if we were reading Selons or Fitzpatrick. (By the way, I hope you have read "Jock of the Bushveld.") But it was a thousand times nearer Sherlock Holmes than Conan Doyle has ever been near Einstein.

This "detective" question is also cropping up in another form. Some of our younger and biggest publishing firms have opened special departments and started special reviews exclusively devoted to criminal and mystery novels.

Now one word about our *Salons*. This terms applies not only to social gatherings, conversation circles, mutual-help-and-admiration societies, but also to the principal of our regular and periodical art exhibitions. All *salons* are intimately connected with literature. Gautier, Baudelaire, Caine (and more recently R. de la Sizeranne) won recognition by their reviews of the *salons* of painting, engraving, sculpture, and decoration held in their time. Hazlitt was a born *salon* reviewer, though quite the opposite of a "*salon*" favorite. He had been a painter. So had Gauthier. As to the many others who, every year, at every season, pronounce upon the merits or demerits of contemporary painting and sculpture. . . . Well, how do you say that? Isn't there something like: "Those who can, *do*. Those who cannot—teach"?

Paris boasts of not less than five big yearly, and more or less officially recognized, *salons* of painting and sculpture.

The "Salon des Artistes Français," held every spring, is eminently academic and traditional. It has suffered a long eclipse. Its prestige was at its lowest before the war. It is now restored. The old firm "sells" better, more evenly. This is the reward of perseverance. For years and years it was the height of obscurantism and unfashionableness to belong to the S. de A. F. It meant painting *subjects*. Even when poetry was abdicating all intention of being understood, "literary" painting was a term of derision. It meant "recognizable," "intelligible." The importance of the subject in all arts is now reluctantly, but evidently growingly, admitted again. It is no longer necessary, nor sufficient, to pile up bedaubed parallelepipeds on a piece of canvas in order to meet approval, and a buyer. However, the "Salon des Artistes Français" has no living influence, no pull on the younger generation. It exists, even thrives—beet-root-like—gathering sugar, growing downwards.

The "Société Nationale des Beaux Arts," also held in the spring, in conjunction with "Artistes Français," arose out of the now antediluvian secession of Puvis de Chavannes. Roll and Rodin, followed by Cottet, Simon, and Bartholomé. It was, in its time, almost revolutionary, but its time was short. It is now but the shadow of its former self.

The "Salon des Tuileries," founded by Albert Besnard and his followers, is still a wandering beauty. It began its career in a big wooden shanty near Porte Maillot and Bois de Boulogne, and was doubly nicknamed "Palais de Bois" or "du Bois." It was held afterwards under temporary shelter in the Tuileries Garden. God knows where it will now migrate. It may, after all, find a durable abode in the old Tuileries, where the annual dog show takes place.

The "Salon des Indépendants" bears a fine name. No selecting committee. A small subscription ensures a share of the wall surface. This was once the Refuge of the Refused, the place where nobodies looked like somebody. But do not forget that it was also in some cases the cradle of genius.

The "Salon d'Automne," held in October-November, is perhaps the most interesting, at least the most representative. It is an all-round panorama of present tendencies. A new classicism, faithful and tense, is being evolved at the "Salon d'Automn." Roland Oudot, Jacques Denier, Brianchon, Dufrénoy, Charles Guérin, Déziré, Demeurisse, Albert André, Laprade, are among the most often noticed. I note a strong increase of Japanese painters within the usual cosmopolitan contingent which includes this year amongst the best second best two American women: A. A. Hudson and Kardelska Roach.

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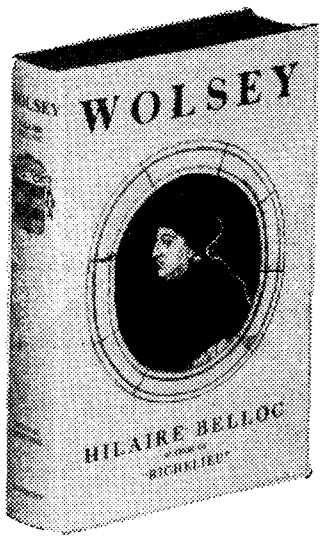

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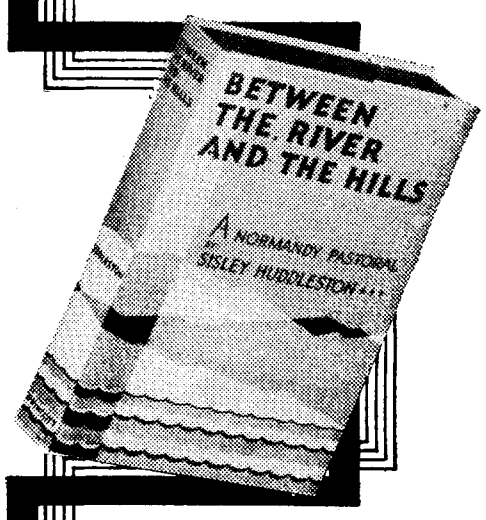

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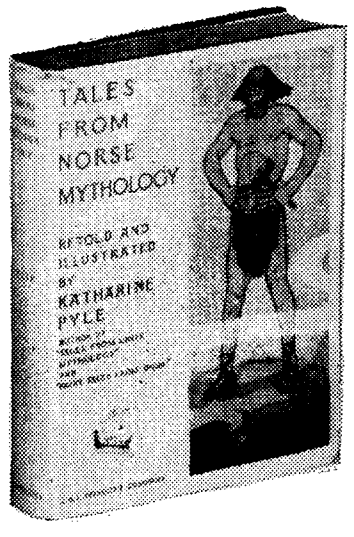

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Points of View

Mr. Vittorini Replies

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

The criticism hurled at my book, "The Modern Italian Novel," by Professor Arthur Livingston through the columns of your magazine, is so extreme and incorrect as to make a reply necessary.

Professor Livingston wilfully calls his article "The Novel in Italy," thus misleading the reader at the very start. The title of my work is "The Modern Italian Novel." I purposed to write a criticism of the contemporary Italian novel, giving to it as a background the development of fiction in its salient lines during the nineteenth century. I stated so on page eight of the Preface. Such being the case, Professor Livingston's recriminations stating that I have ignored the European novel are untimely and also false. I acknowledge the indebtedness of Manzoni to the English novel at the very outset when I state on page thirteen that he accepted that *genre* from Walter Scott.

Professor Livingston chides me for not having traced the development of the novel back to its Byzantine origins. That problem, useful as it is to culture, is altogether outside the scope of my work. In the Introduction I have pointed out that modern realism as a *recognized* art mode was the creation of the nineteenth century, but I have also pointed out its forerunners in Italy from the thirteenth century down. Comparative literature, while it helps to trace literary forms such as sonnet, epic poetry, drama, and novel, leaves untouched the content in which I am chiefly interested. The novel in its esthetic values is an original product of every country in which significant works appear. In these last hundred years Italy has produced novels worthy of consideration, the number of which far exceeds the scant score alloted her by Professor Livingston.

I never stated that the novel came from classical preciosity. Indeed, I maintain that classical preciosity stifled the feeble efforts of realism which have existed from time immemorial in every literature.

My critic charges that I have not found my key points in dealing with the development of the novel. I have grouped the literary works of three generations around three distinct pivoting points: the idea of historicity (Romanticism), the glorification of the tangible aspects of life (Naturalism), and the consideration of the intricate play of ideas (Neo-Idealism). I am informed that I should have chosen "categories of classification" and "criteria of judgment." The above-mentioned key points are my categories and criteria in grouping the different works. Professor Livingston had the right to disprove them, but not to overlook them.

I am also reproached for having paid attention to "isms" and "schools." Isms and schools, although of relative unimportance, are historical facts. They are useless in the esthetic evaluation of a work, but they cannot be wiped out on our own authority. The existence of the "Voce" was a *fact*, and it developed certain characteristics and gave to Italian intellectual life certain definite traits which, even if outgrown today, must be taken into consideration. I have not enslaved myself to these schools, however. What appears a contradiction to my critic in the chapter on Deledda is a proof of it. Deledda's themes are derived from Naturalism, but she goes beyond Naturalism in her truly significant works just as Manzoni went beyond the formula of the historical novel.

As to defining terms and isms, Professor Livingston has only to read more carefully what I say about each movement. In the case of Naturalism, for instance, I quote the definitions of Antona-Traversi, Stecchetti, and Capuana (page 19), feeling that such exemplifications of the movement would be more valuable than the usual trite explanations which attempt to account for Italian Naturalism through French theories. These theories throw some light on certain formal characteristics of the novel, but not on its essence, which, as far as content is concerned, is what every writer makes it.

My critic gives only one instance of how he would conduct his criticism. Having repudiated my statement that in d'Annunzio's "Primo Vere" one finds themes derived from Carducci and Verga, he concocts a different recipe which reads as follows: "However, it was inspired by Carducci (barbaric rhythms), Stecchetti (witty and melodious obscenity), and Chiarini (pure utility—Chiarini was an authoritative book reviewer)." This is rhetoric garbed in scintillating terms, and all of d'Annunzio's contemporaries might have been added to the list.

Of course, these remarks are rather wasted on one who dogmatically states that there is no novel in Italy and invokes a Mussolini to forbid Italians to write fiction. Determining what *genre* a people shall produce even in the future is a method that can be called neither positivistic nor idealistic. It is simply the negation of science. Italians should give their efforts to "thought, poetry, polemics—*anything else*," but not to the novel. Croce, however, urged his contemporaries to study philosophy and "the consequences have been catastrophic" according to Professor Livingston, who thereby removes thought also from the activities of the Italians.

The honor has been bestowed upon me of being called a follower of Croce, yet I pursue a positivistic method in giving a cyclical treatment to the novel. An idealist with a positivistic method! Not a bad combination! I wish it were true! There is nothing cyclical in the treatment that I give. Having seen in realism the attempt to find a synthesis within the realm of the observable world, I have followed its stages (historical, naturalistic, introspective) through the nineteenth century. In this treatment there is a constant line of growth and no repetition. Hence the cyclical idea is an invention of my critic.

I am denied the right to show the part that Prezzolini and others played in the intellectual life of the new generation, but I am criticized for not having gone back to the Byzantines.

May I ask for a greater accuracy in determining the number of novels that I have analyzed?

D'Annunzio's "Primo Vere" in its definitive edition was published in 1880 ("corrected with pen and fire and augmented"), when the author was seventeen and not sixteen. The Sommaruga Society was a publishing house only according to Professor Livingston. Every student knows that it was formed by Pascoli, d'Annunzio, De Bosis, Scarfoglio, Spinazzola, Nencioni, Panzachi, Venturi, and others; that Angelo Sommaruga was the center of it, and that phrases like the "Sommaruga Group" and the "Rome of Sommaruga" are bywords among critics of that period. The fact that there was a publishing house does not deny its cultural and highly aristocratic leanings.

As to d'Annunzio's "Fuoco," it is not enough to say that it must be reckoned among important novels. Fortunately, dictatorial statements are not sufficient in the evaluation of good literature.

Professor Livingston's criticism is so extreme and arbitrary that it robs itself of the characteristics that an honest and constructive criticism should have.

DOMENICO VITTORINI.
Philadelphia, Pa.

"Whaaya Think?"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

The American colloquialism, even in its deplorable moments, retains some shred of logicality, and one must come to its defense by pointing out an error in the review of "The Third *New Yorker* Album." Even after making allowance for the British ear of the reviewer, one cannot believe that "Whaaja think of Noo York?" is the question he heard a dozen times a day while visiting in the great city. What he really heard was "Whadya think of Noo York?" The worst colloquialism may have tense that may not be violated. In Ohio, after the visit, or on the boat going back to England, but never while in New York, could he have been asked: "Whadja think of it?"

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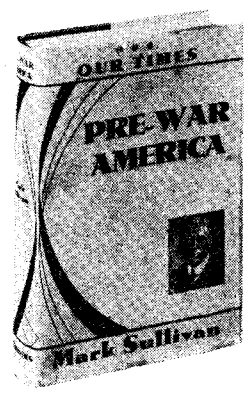

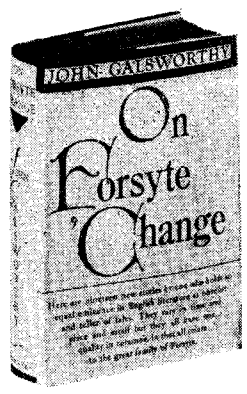

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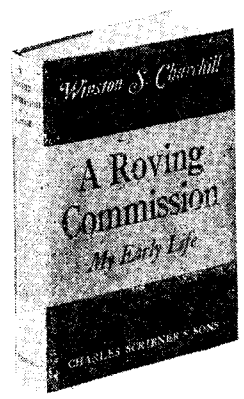

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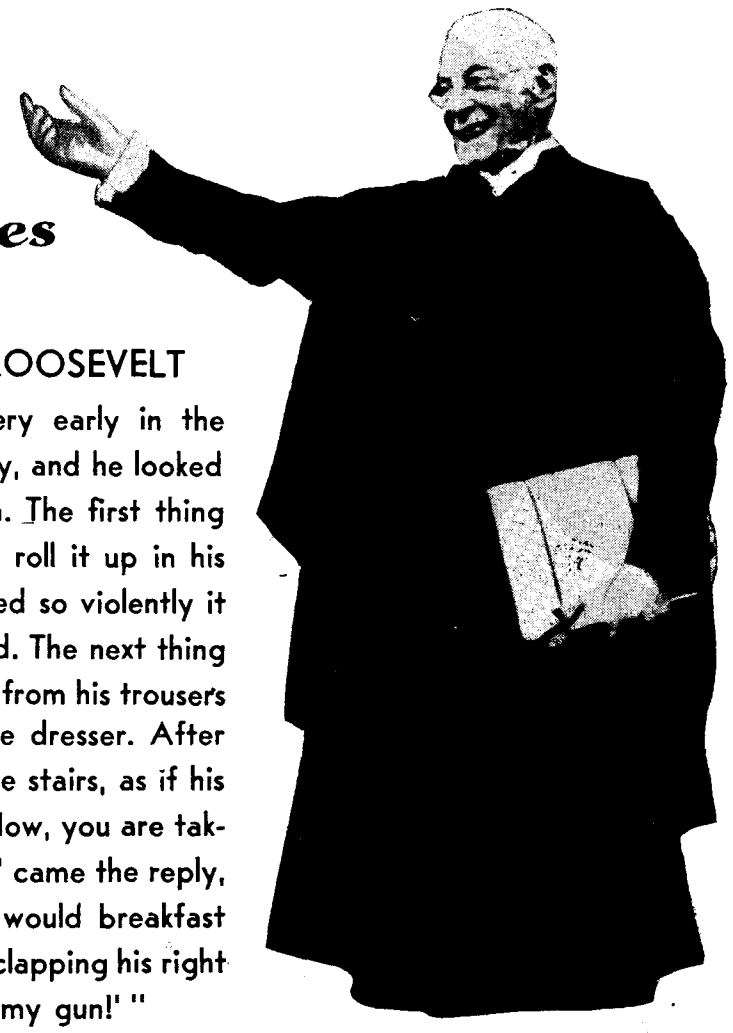

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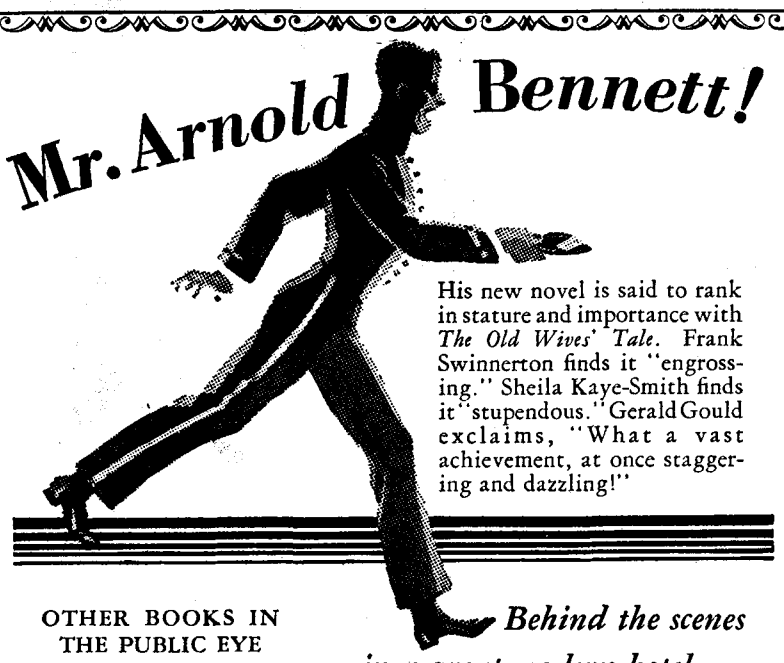

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

FROM TOULOUSE-LAUTREC TO RODIN. By ARTHUR SYMONS. New York: Alfred H. King. 1930.

About half this book is devoted to Toulouse-Lautrec. Degas, Constantin Guys, Daumier, Forain, de Groux, Simeon Solomon, Gustave Moreau, Redon, Beardsley, Whistler, Manet, and Rodin are passed briefly in review. The writing and thinking runs from excellent to quite atrocious. In particular the monograph on Toulouse-Lautrec reveals a tedious and repetitious obsession with sex. One scents most disagreeably some sort of senile greensickness in it. Mr. Symons avows himself a devotee of perversity, and justifies it on the good old-fashioned romantic theory that if you sin consciously and courageously you thereby attain purity. Commonsense would say that you merely attain consistency.

These formulas of the 'nineties may go at a pinch for the celebrator of Montmartre, but when the author can only think of the color of the joyous Monticelli in terms of "lust and cruelty" and finds something monstrous and sinister in the robust and hearty genius of Daumier, one suspects the hoary formula is working badly out of bounds. The book contains a handful of good essays, those on Degas and Gustave Moreau perhaps the best, but, in the main, it merely dispenses at random the dillettante decadence of a generation ago. Its occasional merits are chiefly rhetorical, and there the tendency is to ravel out style into shoddy—sickly thinking evoking febrile and empty exaggerations.

Fiction

MANY CAPTIVES. By JOHN OWEN. Lippincott. 1930. $2.50.

This is one of those books with both a message and a thesis, and to the spreading of the one and the proving of the other, Mr. Owen seems to have sacrificed his fine abilities as a writer of good, sinewy prose. It is rather a pity because one feels after the reading that while Mr. Owen's book is unimportant, Mr. Owen ought not to be. At the same time it should be said that the grim portrait of a miser, all but lost in a gallery of other figures sculptured in sugar, saves the book from the wide charge of utter sentimentality.

Mr. Owen is about the business of proving that it is we ourselves who make our prisons, not iron bars. And he proves this undisputed statement from every possible angle. Centrally, the story is that of Edward Crossman, ex-business man and ex-convict, who comes from prison, where he was sent for a financial crime, with his vital spirit practically destroyed. The struggle of his wife to free him from himself and the self-sacrificing aid given her by Gil Southwaite, another spiritual prisoner, make the chief drama. But there are other prisoners, prisoners of caste, and prisoners of love, and prisoners of avarice. Of them all the portrait of Tom Stone, the miserly keeper of a public house, is immeasurably the best. Faith Feeor, the child who wants to turn all the poor birds and poor animals out of their cages, is a figure for freedom done after the sweet manner of the once well-known Pollyanna.

In the telling of the story Mr. Owen, who writes a lucid prose, often deftly colored by imagery, uses a technique almost like that of a detective story in holding back desired information from the reader until the last possible moment. This may provide suspense—but it certainly creates difficulties for the reader.

OVER THE HILLS. By JEFFERY FARNOL. Little, Brown. 1930. $2.50.

It is difficult to recognize the customary hand of the skilled and popular romancer in this tedious, puerile tale of Scots border strife in the early years of Jacobite rebellion against the sovereignty of George I. A poor lowland waif of twenty-two, Adam Thursday, timid, undersized, of parentage unknown, drudge to the village notary, is suddenly plunged into the gory conflict raging between royal nobles adhering to the exiled House of Stuart and the armed upholders of the English king's dominion over Scotland. Caught in the toils of a traitrous laird, who dresses Adam in the garb of a high-born Jacobite refugee, foists upon him a false identity and compels the boy, in furtherance of his own villainous designs, to marry a beautiful, imperious daughter of the gentry, Adam quickly transforms himself from a cringing poltroon into a daredevil and hero. More wonderful still, Adam finally meets his long lost father, no less a personage than The MacFarlane, though of course the tie of kinship is undreamed of by either of them until the concluding pages are near. The book is in general so naïve and callow a performance that it should be correctly classified in the list of juvenile fiction for boys.

SUPER-CITY. By HARRY HERSHFIELD. New York: The Elf Publishers. 1930. $2.50.

Fiction writing is still a form of skilled labor, despite the confession novelists; hence the ineffectiveness of this novel by Mr. Hershfield, the cartoonist. There is enough material in it for two or three novels, and much of it good material—a plot ramifying into a dozen pockets of New York life and involving an encyclopedic assortment of characters and most of the major emotions; a picture of the devout, hard-working, small business man of the East Side which belongs in any portrait gallery of New York types; and the editorial reflections of a shrewd, observant, and intelligent man who knows the town he lives in and knows a good deal besides. Yet because of awkward handling and frequent overwriting it fails of any total effect.

Mr. Hershfield's clubmen are not convincing, but Manny Traub, the Rivington Street fur jobber, is as authentic as Abie the Agent. Mr. Hershfield has realized him fully in all his dimensions, and used him as a peg on which to hang reflections on Jewry and Jewish life which are worth far more than those of some highly ballyhooed philosophers. Drain off the overwriting and he has much truth to say about New York—"the super-city where everyone mutinies and no one deserts." But the plot, which in the hands of some such mere dexterous technician as Arthur Somers Roche could have made an excellent story, never quite manages to pull its weight; and one is left wishing that Mr. Hershfield had given us, instead of a novel, an essay picture of Manny Traub and a few pages of epigrams.

Miscellaneous

BONG' KWÉ. By WYNANT DAVIS HUBBARD. Doubleday, Doran. 1930. $2.75.

Here is the life story of an African buffalo, that dully ferocious king of beasts, as it is told beside the camp fire by the aged black hunter who killed Bong' Kwé and was nearly killed by him. It is a story of days and nights on the veld; of rain and drought; of great beasts that rend and tear, and other beasts that live fearfully in the giant grass that grows taller than a man on horseback.

It is not a commonplace book, for its author (Harvard athlete, hunter, immunologist, naturalist, explorer) is an authority on animal psychology, and a keen and sympathetic observer. His eight illustrations in pen-and-ink are ruggedly individual and full of character, and his book is a mine of information. But he has weakened it most horribly by forcing it into the mold of a story; for the veld, resounding with the tramp of scene-shifters, becomes stagey and unreal. He has further weakened it by allowing the story to be told by a third person. The reader is bedevilled by the incessant stab of swarming quotation marks. Moreover, old Shamanyati, the story-teller, talks as an essayist writes, but is compelled to reassure us of his part by calling animals by their African names. Calling the locust bird a n'tongwalynyango'nyango does not make the story move forward; it shakes it up and down. Atmosphere one enjoys, but not this heavy fog, even though a glossary of African nut-crackers is provided for the relief of the non-Bantu reader, like a comfort station in an etymological wilderness.

As a picture of the veld, "Bong' Kwé" is packed with vivid detail, and highly informative. As a story, it clanks.

SEXUAL LIFE IN ANCIENT INDIA. By *J. J. Meyer*. Dutton. 8 vols. $10.50.

FRAUD. By *George Bennett*. Century. $1.50.

NUMEROUS NAMES NIMBLY NARRATED. By *Ruth Sandys*. Oxford University Press.

HOME, CHURCH, AND SEX. By *C. M. Roan*. Washburn. $2.

DOG STORIES. By *John Held*, JR. Vanguard. $3.50.

LOEB CLASSICAL LIBRARY. The Speeches of Cicero, translated by *J. H. Freese*; Plato's Republic, translated by *Paul Shorey*. Putnam.

GENERAL SHIPPING IN THE TWELFTH AND THIRTEENTH CENTURIES. By *Eugene H. Byrne*. Cambridge. Mediaeval Academy of America.

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The Reader's Guide

By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER c/o *The Saturday Review*.

H. C., Cincinnati, Ohio, asks for books about the social life of eighteenth century England, whose literature she is teaching.

ONE of the best ways to dive into it is through "Horace Walpole's England," a selection of his letters made by Alfred B. Mason and just published by Houghton Mifflin. There have been several such selections—and of course the two volume "Selection of the Letters of Horace Walpole," edited by W. S. Lewis and published by Harper in 1926—but this one is compact altogether of priceless bits, some scarce more than a sentence, some quite long. One sees here why Madame du Deffand found him so fascinating —until two-thirty in the morning, when she was in her seventies and stone-blind. Of her he here says, "Her soul is immortal, and forces her body to bear it company." See also the excellent "Horace Walpole and Mme. du Deffand: an Eighteenth Century Friendship," by Anna De Koven (Appleton), but the book to choose if one may have but one book on this subject is "English Men and Manners in the Eighteenth Century," by A. S. Turberville (Oxford), of which the second edition appeared in 1929; this delightful work covers the field of social history, and the bibliography allures to further reading. A somewhat earlier work that I cherish is "English Society in the Eighteenth Century as Influenced from Oversea," by Jay Barrett Botsford (Macmillan). Coaching days being then at their height, "The Romance of the Road," by Cecil Alden, with his famous colored illustrations (Eyre & Spottiswoode) is important. Travel and its results being then part of the social mentality, "The Memoirs of an Eighteenth Century Footman," by John Macdonald (Routledge), describes travels in Europe, Asia, and Africa. "The Beggar's Opera" being a picture of one sort of life of the times. Oscar Sherwin's biography, "Mr. Gay" (Day) is valuable for its picture of the life and times of the author of this indestructable entertainment. The "Diaries of William Johnston Temple," the friend of Boswell, edited by Lewis Bettany, were published last year by the Oxford University Press. Yet another point of view, and the first half of the century appears through the troubling and tortured spirit of Gulliver's creator, in Carl Van Doren's "Swift" (Viking). The century goes out with *éclat* in the lovely pages of Stanley Morison's "John Bell, 1745-1831" (Cambridge University Press), a memoir of the founder of at least six newspapers or magazines including *The Morning Post*, mixed up for his life long with all sorts of printing, bindings, and Fleet Street matters in general; this is a limited edition, indispensable to collectors of books about printing, or indeed of fine printing itself. I have set down no fiction, but a rereading of Elinor Wylie's novel, "Jennifer Lorn," will convince the student how subtly it conveys the atmosphere and sentiment of certain phases of eighteenth century culture.

E. M. F., Washington, D. C., answers the call for more information on the new schools of Germany with the name of the periodical, *Das Werdende Zeitalter*, published at Ottendorf bei Sebnitz, Saxony, which interprets the newer educational ideals. This is one of a group of similar international periodicals affiliated with the New Education Fellowship, listed in the November number of the magazine *Progressive Education*.

E. S. W., Brooklyn, N. Y., asks for a brief list of "western stories of the better class."

AN honest book adviser must never let her own personal predilections or prejudices color her replies to readers: such value as this department may have comes largely from the confidence of its readers that its conductor will be able to perform the sort of spiritual somersault that puts one mind in the position of another, and look at the book required from that point of view. So, knowing that I have a blind spot for "wild west" fiction, I usually get mine read for me by people who know when it is good of its kind. Since, therefore, I began "Saint Johnson," by W. R. Burnett(Dial), and found myself so completely caught that I pushed everything else aside and took it in one long gulp, the book must have some special power to charm. It is the story of a two-gun man in Tombstone fifty years ago, who goes in for law and order and means to keep the town straight without shooting; the excitement culminates when he decides that the time has come to revert to earlier and more personal methods. I found it even more easy to read than his "Iron Man," and I think an intelligent American will learn from it more than perhaps he realizes as to what law and order mean in a country with a frontier tradition. On the acquired momentum I read with delight "On the Old West Coast" (Morrow), the reminiscences of Major Horace Bell, the demon editor, a peerless record of old California boom days. I find B. M. Bowers pleasant reading, largely because she has a light hand with humor: "Fool's Gold" (Little, Brown) is a new one. I kept, from Bernard De Voto's absorbing "House of Sun-Goes-Down" (Macmillan), a sense of the terrific strain, physical and spiritual, involved in the conquest of wild land, the cost of the West in man-power. Two volumes of short stories are especially good, "When West Was West," by Owen Wister (Macmillan), and "Homer in the Sage Brush," by James Stevens (Knopf), who presented Paul Bunyan. Zane Grey is certainly to be depended upon for first class material, and my scouts tell me that "Fighting Caravans" (Harper) is in his best vein and a rousing good book, while "Wild Horse Mesa" (Harper) moralizes more—but then many of us read Zane Grey at least partly for the moralizing. Alida Malkus, in "Caravans to Santa Fé" (Harper) has made a story true to life, which is read by young women as well as young men. "In Those Days," by Harvey Fergusson (Knopf), is on no account to be omitted; it is about a man who lived in the Southwest from wagon trails to automobiles. And I defy anyone, blind spot or no, to begin on anything by Will James without wanting to jump on one of those horses of his, to go west, and grow up with the country, whether his choice has fallen on "Smoky" (Scribner) or this year's gorgeous "Lone Cowboy" (Scribner).

I would welcome the advice of volunteer scouts in this department: tell me when a cowboy novel is uncommonly good.

Say It With Books

(*Continued from page 455*)

been reduced by our labors. We begin with "Modern Universities" (Oxford University Press), the highly charged volume with which Mr. Abraham Flexner has been arousing the academic, and arrive next at that work which has been for years in preparation and which should solve all your difficulties so far as your Harvard friends are concerned, Henry James's life of Charles W. Eliot (Houghton Mifflin). We mention together, for no reason whatsoever, Sheldon Cheney's "The New World Architecture" (Longmans, Green) and Doris Arthur Jones's "Taking the Curtain Call" (Macmillan), the life of her father, Sir Henry Arthur Jones. Next we come (we warned you that there was to be no order to our listing) to Elmer Davis's "Morals for Moderns" (Bobbs-Merrill), Margaret Kennedy's "The Fool in the Family" (Doubleday, Doran), Rosamond Lehmann's "A Note in Music" (Holt), Booth Tarkington's "Mirthful Haven" (Doubleday, Doran), John Galsworthy's "On Forsyte 'Change" (Scribners), and Arnold Bennett's "Imperial Palace" (Doubleday, Doran), a group of novels by authors, whose names, like good wine, need no bush. And here are William T. Hutchinson's biography of Cyrus Hall McCormick (Century), Clarence W. Barron's "They Told Barron" (Harpers), T. Swann Harding's "Fads, Fancies, and Physicians" (Dial), E. Douglas Branch's "Westward" (Appleton), and, to come back to fiction, Edwin Granberry's "Erl King" (Macaulay), W. R. Burnett's "Saint Johnson" (Dial), "The Short Stories of Saki" (Viking), "The Little Dog Laughed" (Dutton), by Leonard Merrick, and "Memories and Vagaries" (Dutton), by Axel Munthe.

We are done. "O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all hooping."

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—CARL BECKER, *Saturday Review.*

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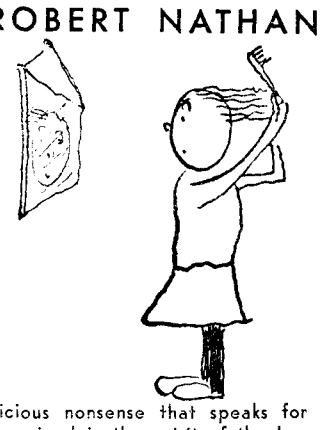

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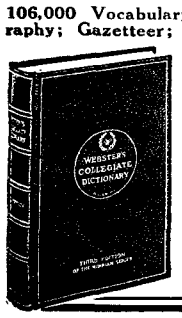

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Books of Many Kinds

HORNS IN VELVET. By JOAN RAMSAY. New York: Harbor Press. 1930.

THIS is a very charmingly printed slim book of verses. Miss Ramsay won the prize offered by the Harbor Press in its recent Poetry Contest, from among six hundred manuscripts submitted. A good type face, well set, with a delicately executed title page, combine to make a quite satisfactory piece of poetry printing. Somehow or other, however, one wishes that the author's next volume might be called "Horns": there is too much velvet in modern poetry and not enough point.

THE GREEN PASTURES. By MARC CONNELLY. With illustrations by ROBERT EDMOND JONES. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1930.

IT is a satisfaction to welcome a good printing of this extraordinary play. The volume in hand is a quarto, bound (as one would expect) in green cloth. The type, paper and presswork are all suitable, and the printing is excellent. But the principal attraction is, as Mr. Connelly points out in his introduction, the pictures by Mr. Robert Edmond Jones. It was Mr. Jones who designed and made the scenery for the play —and, as one may testify who has seen it, the play was staged in an unusually acceptable manner. The illustrations to this book are not photographs of stage sets, but wash drawings of scenes, with some simple line drawings as chapter heads, etc. The result is an illustrated book quite above the average. Mr. Connelly's admiration for the pictures as carrying on the homogeneity achieved between the stage sets and the play, is a point well taken. The pictures do go with the play most convincingly.

A TRUE DESCRIPTION OF ALL TRADES. New York: Mergenthaler Linotype Co. 1930.

IN sending out the four hundred copies of this small book the publishers say that it is "a rather unusual specimen of printing." And it is, particularly for an American advertiser. Type, paper, presswork, and binding are all good—and thoroughly bookish, which is not a common occurence in advertising issues. But the real interest is not in the advertising but in the contents. Six of Jost Amman's wood blocks have been selected for reproduction, from the "Eygentliche Beschreibung aller Stände," Frankfort, 1568. These represent the printer, bookbinder, typefounder, papermaker, draughtsman, and woodcutter. Hans Sachs's accompanying verses have been printed in translation.

It seems to me that here is advertising at its very best, and having had occasion to find fault with the absurdities of most modern advertising, I want to commend this little book for its matter and its manner.
R.

Back to the Caveman

MADMAN'S DRUM. A novel in woodcuts by LYND WARD. New York: Cape & Smith. 1930. $3.

THE LIFE OF CHRIST IN WOODCUTS. By JAMES REID. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1930.

ALLAY-OOP. By WILLIAM GROPPER. New York: Coward-McCann. 1930.

WE have here three curious revivals of the primitive "block books" which came before printing with moveable type. In technique, and in subject (save for the second of the above titles) these books are different, since they do not deal with religious matters, but in form they are strikingly reminiscent. There may be this difference also, that whereas the early block books were intended for the illiterate, these books are, possibly, intended for the sophisticated literate. But I am not quite sure on the latter point. I find myself at times quite uncertain of the "author's" intention —just as at times I cannot follow clearly the intent of the perpetrator of the ordinary comic strip.

Mr. Ward's book seems to me just what his first essay in this direction was: a crude story told awkwardly in skilfully executed wood blocks. The story is not important or interesting, but the engraving shows much ability, ability which might perhaps be put to better use. It is therefore worth noting that for the same publishers Mr. Ward has executed a series of wood cut illustrations for a new rendering of "Faust" by Alice Raphael Eckstein. The Teutonic flavor of Mr. Ward's work, which intrudes in his two books, will fit the Faust subjects, and an unusual set of pictures is likely to result. It may be gratuitous impertinence, but I should like to see Mr. Ward turn his undoubted talents to more typically American work in a less Germanic mannerism.

Of Mr. Reid's life of Christ, not much can be said, except that the wood cutting is competent. Issued in 1440 the book should have had considerable vogue as a legitimate picture book for illiterates: it does not seem very worth while in 1930 as a *tour de force*.

Mr. Gropper's "Allay-Oop" comes pretty near reducing the whole block book idea to absurdity. It is a story told in pictures—not wood blocks—which are atrociously out of drawing in every direction: but as an amplification of the comic strip the book is much more pertinent than either of the others. It is bad "art," but it is very much in the temper of the present time. It is hard boiled in the story, and carefully slovenly in execution. I like it better than the gloomy seriousness of the other two examples which I have noted. R.

A Roxburghe Book

EDEN ANTO. By ANTONIO FOGAZZARO. Translated by THEODORE WESLEY KOCH. San Francisco: The Roxburghe Club. 1930. 250 copies.

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issuing a book which is of considerable interest because of its contents, and it has provided a variety of entertaiment—a combination of qualities not too common in limited and special editions. The story has not appeared hitherto in collections of stories for collectors. Mr. Koch has made not only a readable and idiomatic translation, but he has added to the story several interesting bibliographical features—as becomes a tale for bibliophiles. The Charlemont copy of "Orlando Furioso"—a vellum copy of the third, 1532, edition—on which this story is based, is now in the Morgan collection, and several facsimiles are given from pages of the book. There are also three illustrations by René Gocklinga. And there is an adequate bibliographical foreword by Mr. Koch. Editorially the book is well done.

The text of this volume has been set in Lutetia, and the printing is on hand made paper. The binding is in limp green paper boards, with silk ties—simple but handsome. The only criticism is of the reproduction of the de Nanto picture of Ariosto and title-page to the 1532 book: for some not very obvious reasons these are almost indistinct, and therefore are not effective.

If the Roxburghe Club can better this pace they will do well: it is a very fine book.

R.

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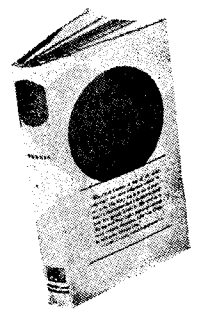

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WE acknowledge with the greatest gratitude a long and most interesting letter from *Antoinette Burgess* which we are going to print below. It starts a wave of nostalgia in our breast. We certainly do know Rye, we were personally conducted over the magical old town by *Radclyffe Hall* and *Lady Troubridge*. We can imagine no more lovely place in which to settle down for one's declining years. But alas! we shall probably not see it again for long moons. We knew Hants somewhat, too, to speak of a country in the same breath with a Cinque Port. Our benediction upon the English countryside! Here is Mrs. Burgess's letter:

The Phoenix Nest may be interested in an amazing bit of luck that has recently come my way. For years I've been trying to find a copy of *Montague's* "The Morning's War," have advertised here and in America, and have asked in every second-hand bookshop which has lain in my way. I had almost despaired of getting it, especially after young Mr. Montague told me that neither he nor any of his family save his Mother possessed a copy. But behold! the other day, in an Inn where I was stopping, I discovered the book (a first-edition) on the bookshelves!

Trembling I asked the landlady if she would sell it. "Why yes," quoth she, "put something in the box for the blind, and that will be all right." Don't you think C. E. M. would like to know that his work brought sight to the physically blind as well as to those mentally so?

Do you know Rye? Of course you do,—one of the most adorable corners of England. When I first went there (visiting Ellen Terry in Winchelsea, and later on her farm at Small Hythe) *Henry James* was the gracious host at Lamb House, *Arthur Symons* was at Withersham (I shall never forget how charming *Mrs. Symons* was, one day that we lunched there, in a lilac print frock and sunbonnet to match), and *Miss Alma-Tadema* and *Mrs. Hodgson Burnett* were in the offing. Now alas! the great ones are here no more, yet Rye still has its distinct literary flavor.

Mary and Jane Findlater are here, in their house from which one sees Grisnez Light flashing across from France on a clear night. *E. F. Benson* is occupying Lamb House, *Conrad Aiken* is in his old house on Mermaid Street, the garret of which makes a fine writing-room, and Miss Radclyffe Hall is sending forth her new novel from behind her diamond-paned windows on the High Street. Jane Findlater's story, "The Green Graves of Balgowrie," is being reissued this month, and it is to be hoped there will be an American edition, for it is a book of rare and austere beauty.

Here in Hants, where I am spending the winter with a friend, one is also surrounded by the memories of books. Chawton, where *Jane Austen* lived and wrote, is but a few miles distant. *Gilbert White's* Selborne is as lovely and peaceful as ever, while in Alresford *Mary Russell Mitford's* grave and birthplace still draw the wanderer to Our Village, and *Kingsley's* vine-covered Rectory at Eversley is a house to dream away one's days in.

But none of this may be grist for your mill, only when one begins to talk (or write) of the byways of England it is hard to stop. Apropos of my Montague treasure-trove, the one other "rare" book for which I've been searching for years is *Christopher Morley's* undergraduate volume of poems. So far it has eluded me, but I feel sure that I will eventually acquire it—then I'll rest on my laurels.

Do tell Mr. Morley that his Shakespeare pilgrimage is incomplete until he has seen the Plays at the Old Vic. *John Guilford* (a great-nephew of Ellen Terry's) is the finest actor they have here today. His Richard II, Hotspur, and Prospero are wonderful, and his Hamlet (which I have not seen) is said to be the finest since *Forbes Robertson's*.

Yours for Books and for England.

. . . . The publishing house of Henry and Longwell, "publishers in petto," is unusual. It has no office, no overhead, no salaries; it meets under a tree near the Cathedral, Garden City (L. I.), and Christopher Morley is its literary adviser. It publishes (usually with great suddenness) an item of "distinguished oddity" every other year. Messrs *Frank Henry* and *Dan Longwell* now announce the third of their Briefcase Breviaries, a dithyramb on Whiskey written by *Aeneas MacDonald*, an Edinburgh Scot who knows the subject. 300 copies only have been printed, "for gentlemen and scholars and good judges," and these are available, while they last, at $2.50 each from F. C. Henry, 244 Madison Ave., N. Y. C. . . .

Speaking of Mr. Morley, we have a copy of "The Eighth Sin," Mrs. Burgess, which is the title of the item you are searching for. Not only that but it was given to us by the author, so forgive our crowing. As to Whiskey, we thank *George S. Chappell* for sending us a copy of the book he has compiled with *Ridgely Hunt* entitled "The Saloon in the Home." *John Held's* woodcuts also go far to make this book from Coward-McCann, one of the most diverting of the season. Of the moral lessons inculcated we almost like best of all "A Dog's Lecture" . . . .

And as for diverting books, while recommending specially for your Christmas buying "Mr. Currier and Mr. Ives," by *Russell Crouse*, Doubleday Doran, we would also call your attention to "The Dickens Advertiser," by *Bernard Darwin* (Macmillan), a great work of research into the advertisements contained in the familiar and increasingly rare blue-green "parts" in which most of Dickens's novels were originally issued. It takes one back most charmingly to the days of the crinoline. . . .

And herewith we tender to Random House our heartiest congratulations upon their limited edition of "Tom Sawyer." We have not seen such a perfect job in years. Every detail, *Donald McKay's* illustrations which become an incorporate part of the text, the paper, the bindings, the cover design, the type, even the device on the back of the slip-cover and the quarter-leather back-strip on the binding, all contribute toward making the dress of this masterpiece fit exactly the nature of its contents. Even at twenty dollars per volume it is a good buy for anyone who can afford it. The only edition of "Tom Sawyer" that ranks with it at all is the old original big flat one in blue boards with gilt curlicue lettering and the original illustrations inside—that edition wasn't much as bookmaking goes but the copy in our household finally fell all apart, so continously was it handled! . . .

We forgot to mention receiving a calling card from Simon and Schuster, which we think extremely clever. It looks like this:

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The best editorial we have read recently was the one in the *Nation* for December 10, 1930, in regard to the bootlegged editions of "Lady Chatterley's Lover." Everyone who has the best interest of literature at heart should read that editorial. . . .

We have always been getting the late *Lorna Moon* and *Lorna Rea* all mixed up, and now Lorna Rea has written a novel called "Rachel Moon!" . . . .

Martha Ostenso is enthusiastic about *Douglas Durkin's* "Gumble Sits Up." Miss Ostenso is now securing her citizenship papers, though she has lived in this country since she was seven years old. She expects to be a full-fledged citizen at any moment. . . .

Our own *May Lamberton Becker* will become Literary Editor of *St. Nicholas* on February first (and here's wishing her Godspeed), though her *Reader's Guide* will still continue in the *Saturday Review of Literature*. It may well happen that Mrs. Becker may revive the great days of the editorship of *Mary Mapes Dodge*. After her, in the old *Century* days, when we were a Centurion, came *Mr. William Fayal Clarke* who conducted this greatest of all children's magazines for years. But Mrs. Becker will be the first woman to succeed Mary Mapes Dodge, the author of that immortal juvenile, "Hans Brinker or The Silver Skates." Mrs. Dodge got *Lord Tennyson, Longfellow, Rudyard Kipling, Christina Rossetti,* and *Bryant* and *Whittier*, among others, as contributors. She pressed into service *Robert Louis Stevenson, Frances Hodgson Burnett,* and *Joel Chandler Harris;* and *Mark Twain's* "Tom Sawyer" was written as a serial for her *St. Nicholas!* . . .

We are sorry that financial stress in Tennessee has caused *The Nashville Tennessean* to discontinue *Donald Davidson's* seven-year-old Southern book page, which was also syndicated in the *Memphis Commercial Appeal* and the *Knoxville Journal*. Davidson did an awfully good job and we wish he could have kept on. A man of just his calibre was needed down there. . . .

THE PHOENICIAN.

The AMEN CORNER

Judging by the zest of the zephyrs and the consequent shrinking of the mercury the past week, we seem to be in for what our elders like to call a good old-fashioned winter. Whether we are or not, we enjoyed the idea a few nights ago, and brought in great logs for the fire and gathered at the piano for some four-part caroling. *The Oxford Book of Carols*[1] leaves nothing to be desired for this pleasant pastime. Its editors have collected in it not only the loveliest old carols of England, France, Germany, Italy, Russia, Spain, etc., but also some delightful ones written by living musicians and poets. If your hearts are sad or bitter we prescribe this anodyne to be taken in large doses after dinner for at least two or three evenings.

All this, of course, will remind you that there is a Xmas shopping list to be gone through. But we have a cure for that too. The following books ordered from your favorite book shop or from the Oxford University Press[2] will save your nerves and elbows during the annual mob scene.

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